

the Monster Times

Simian superhero King Kong is taken for yet another ride in this arty array featuring Kong poster art from the original 1933 ad campaign. This particular KONG pose inspired the cover of MONSTER TIMES collectors' edition issue No. 1 which was rendered by Gray Morrow (see review of DARK DOMAIN, page 12). It was Kong's inability to adapt to Western Civilization, as evidenced by his bout with those creaky WWI sky crates, that prompted Carl Denham to pontificate: "It was automation killed the ape."



The World's
First
N

Volume 1, No. 7

the Monster Times

PAGE 10

We Got Letters!

Postcards and letters and bomb-threats have been pouring in to THE MONSTER TIMES by the thousands, begging, pleading, demanding that we run a filmbook on everybody's favorite city-slopper, the old fish-belly hefty halibut-monster, his own green and scaly self, GODZILLA, kind of the monsters! And so we humbly comply.

Here is a magnificent straightforward and horrifying (or horrifyingly straight) filmbook on the murky, moody, mysterious monster masterpiece, the first of the matchbook mini-city epics, GODZILLA.

And we also managed to get the very last GODZILLA plastic model kit on earth, to product-test!

In time, we'll get around to presenting to you filmbooks of ALL the Japanese GODZILLA films: GHIDRA, RODAN, MOTHER, DESTROY ALL MONSTERS, and after we've run all of them, we'll print something no other monster-pub DARES to print! . . . GODZILLA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY!

where he laffadassically sums up his whole, long prizefight career, and fondly tells how he KO'd GHIDRA and KONG.

Speaking of KONG, we've covered the old hairy chap's recent re-climbing of the Empire State Building, to shill for Volkswagen, and all the info about the guy who animated it: David Allen.

We had a mild mistaken identity crisis with the PO'd Post Office, but that's cleared up, and all MT subscriptions are now safely delivered. But if you've any complaints, let us know immediately . . .

MONSTER OF THE MONTH is one of the probable titles for a monthly column we'll be featuring, to gripe and moan about people places and events who all in all are best judged disappointing. Other possible names for the column are: THE SPIT LIST, IDIOT OF THE ISSUE, ROYAL RIPOFFS, BESTIAL BUMMERS, and INFAMOUS MONSTERS. Or perhaps the readers themselves can suggest a title. And speaking of sending in stuff, we're swamped with buck-a-throw questions for the INQUIRING POE-TOGRAPHER column . . . but keep sending them in, anyway, and maybe you, too, will get your dollar for the Question of the Issue!

chuck

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3 GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS:
You asked for him, we now deliver him, char-broiled, cause he breathed on himself.

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6 COMIX FANDOM AWARDS: Across the country, comix fans are choosing their favorite comix, artists, writers. So verily can you!

8 GOETHE COMIX FAN AWARDS BALLOT: Fill out this ballot. Send it to Cleveland. Wait two months. Something might happen.

9 THE MONSTER MARKET: The very last GODZILLA model kit in the entire world (maybe?). And we got it! Honest to GODZILLA!

10 I WANT TO SELL YOU A GIANT BUG, NOW!
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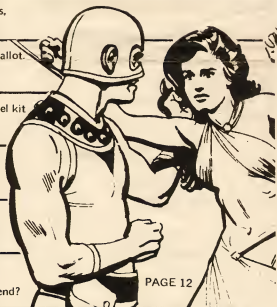
24 MONSTER TIMES TELETYPE:
Bill Felt frets forth more film-flam than there's space for. All the news of fits, he prints.



THIS ISSUE'S COVER is another spiffy concoction of our art department, and executed, more or less, by Larry Brill, young publisher and creative genius. "I love big green lizard monsters," Larry who has one for lunch every day.

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PAGE 12



VOTE
VOTE
PAGE 8

Article originally appeared in PHOTON, (C) 1969 by Mark Frank

Each day, our post office box is burgeoningly burdened with billions of billious epistles; letters, post cards, parchments with curious tattoos, etc, demanding a film-book on the King of the Monsters, the giant lizard with the Hai-Karate bad breath. GODZILLA, none other than.

So here he is, the prehistoric pugilist GODZILLA, the all-terrible, all-destroying, all-thunderously deafening, all-clumsy, all-big mouthed, all-time champ destroyer of all Japanese matchstick schtick cities. All right...but not all! Not exactly. We'll be recounting The Champ's career fight by fight in future issues, but now; ROUND ONE!

This is Tokyo, once a city of six million people. What has happened here was caused by a force which up until a few days ago was entirely beyond the scope of man's imagination. Tokyo, a smoldering memorial to the unknown, an unknown which at this very moment still prevailed and could at any time, lash out with its terrible destruction anywhere else in the world. There were once many people here that could have told what they saw; now there are only a few.

My name is Steve Martin. I'm a foreign correspondent for United World News. I was headed for an assignment in Cairo when I stopped off in Tokyo for a social call, but it turned out to be a visit to the living hell of another world.

Emergency hospitals were over-flowing with the maimed and

"Whaddya mean I oughta use Scope!" demands GODZILLA, as he destroys Tokyo for the first of many times, "The Binaca breath spray advertising account pays more for my endorsements!"

GODZILLA

KING OF THE MONSTERS

BY
STEVE
KAPLAN

Kong eventually challenged the Champ...in KING KONG vs. GODZILLA. The Japanese version saw The Big "G" win, Americans saw KONG KO. Gadzooks GODZILLA!



MOTHRA, that old ball of silk, later challenged, and lost, to GODZILLA. "I sure hated to smack a dame!" later confessed the Champ, but everyone forgave him, particularly when it was revealed, after the fight, that MOTHRA had gotten an option to do commercials for nylon stocking manufacturers, due to publicity she had gotten from the fight.

the dead. For the living, the horror of last night was over. The only thought left was the paralyzing fear that it could happen again today or tomorrow. Everyone who had survived without serious injury was helping to repair the human wreckage. One of the survivors was Emyko Yomani, daughter of Japan's famous paleontologist. For some of the victims there was hope, for others there would be no tomorrow. I don't know how many hours went by before an auxiliary hospital unit found me. I knew it was daylight. I was surprised to be alive. The odor of scorched flesh permeated the air. The sight of all the human wreckage snapped me back to stark reality.

I was lying on an improvised bed on the floor when an oriental girl passed by me.

"Emyko, Emyko!"

"Steve, Steve Martin! Are you badly hurt?"

"After last night, I'm lucky to be alive."

"I guess we're all living on borrowed time. Oh Steve! What brought this upon us?"

"I don't know Emyko, I don't know." Suddenly Steve moved forward. "Your father, is he alright?"

"Yes, he's meeting with the security officials now. Don't move Steve. I'll try to get a doctor for you." The girl left.

It was still hard for me to believe I could be lying here alive when I think of the thousands of others, dead and dying in the ruins around me. When I think back, only a few days ago, I was enroute to Cairo, stopping for a few days lay-over in Tokyo. I was looking forward to a

visit with an old college friend, Dr. Darazowa, a theoretical scientist who was gaining great recognition in the far East for his unusual experiments. While I was unaware of it at the time, ten thousand feet below an incident was about to take place which would shake the foundation of the civilized world!

missing ship makes big splash

There was calm water. A shipper was cruising over it. Some men were on the deck. Suddenly a bright flash of light rose from the sea. The sailors screamed and ran. A loud roar was heard... like the wall of a foghorn. The radio men were sending signals for help when water flooded the compartment. All was silent...

Soon thereafter I arrived in Tokyo to visit Dr. Sarazowa. I was greeted at the airport by Shegarito, Dr. Sarazowa's assistant. I was informed R. Sarazowawas inland on some field experiments.

Then a Japanese officer stepped up to Shegarito. The two spoke and then the policeman turned to me: "I'm sorry Mr. Martin, but we must ask you to come to the security officer for questioning."

"A polite way of telling me I'm under arrest?"

"No arrest, just questioning. But it is imperative that you come."

The Doctor's assistant assured me that he would take care of my things. Meanwhile, I was led to a room by the officer and then called into an office, where Tomo, a friendly appearing Japanese official stood.

"How are you, Mr. Martin?"

"Good, thank you."

"During your flight last night, did anything unusual occur?"

"I didn't notice anything. I was busy writing, and reading, and the rest of the time I was sleeping. I understand you questioned everyone on my flight. What is it you're trying to find out? I represent United World News, and an American publication The Monster Times."

"I don't know, Mr. Martin. I don't know whether it should be printed or not."

"I don't follow you."

"You see, we don't know what we're dealing with. At 3:30 this morning a ship from Tokyo was literally wiped from the surface of the ocean in a matter of seconds."

"Anything from the ship's radio?"

"It said there was a blinding flash of light and the ocean burst into flames."

"It could have been a mine or a collision."

"Why did the radiomen not report a mine or a collision?"

"Good point. Well, whatever is being done, I'd like to find out about."

"All right, come with me."

The long hall was cluttered with frightened families waiting in painful anxiety for news of survivors. At the end of the long hall, was a noisy office. Officer Tomo escorted me in. All inside was brisk bustling activity.

"This is the chart room of the

Nan Kheigh Steam Ship Co. It was their ship that was sunk."

"Do you mind telling me what they're discussing?" I asked, not being overly conversant in the particular dialect of Japanese being spoken, and was a bit lost.

"The man wants to have explained how their ships disappeared so suddenly."

"Any survivors?"

"No. Not yet. They're in direct contact with the rescue ship now. It should arrive at the scene of the sinking in a few hours."

* * *

The rescue ship was never heard from again. * * *

In the press office was a great uproar. People of all different nations were phoning in reports. I was sending a telegram to a friend, George Lawrence, who also happened to be my editor, of United World News in Chicago: JAPANESE SHIP DISASTERS PUZZLE WORLD STOP EIGHT SHIPS OBLITERATED BY MYSTERIOUS FLASH OF FIRE STOP NO SURVIVORS FOUND STOP RADIO REPORTS FROM STRIKEN SHIPS GIVE SAME MESSAGE TERRIBLE SEA OF FIRE ENGULFS ALL STOP STAGGERING DEATH TOLL FORCES ALL SHIPPING SCHEDULES BE CANCELLED STOP WILL REMAIN TOKYO UNLESS WORD FROM YOU STOP STEVE MARTIN.

"You're all fired!" snorts GODZILLA, to various Japanese peasants, who all reply as they scurry down the hill side, "You can't fire us! We quit!"
Darn clever!



MOTHRA AND RODAN AND GHIDRAH AND KING KONG VS. GODZILLA



Specialty created by our art department, the poster for the fight of the century, OL' GODZILLA has fought just about every contender for the Champion Championship of the world! In future issues of THE MONSTER TIMES we'll be recounting play-by-play these great fights, for your ring snide pleasure.

Like creeping illness, panic began to spread all over Japan. The Kheigh Shipping Co. was swarmed with distraught families pleading for news of lost crews. The few survivors who had been found died in a matter of seconds from shock and strange burns. With disaster following disaster, the terror-stricken people demanded action! Security officials and scientists were brought together. Dr. Yomani, Japan's leading paleontologist, was among the top scientists invited to the meeting. I had met Dr. Yomani through my friend Sarazowa, several years ago. If there was to be an answer to these mysterious ship disasters, it would come from these men.

The top-security meeting room, to which I was privy due to my friendship with officer Tomo, was crowded. At one lull, I leaned over to Tomo. "I'm afraid my Japanese is rusty," I said, "And the conversation is going quite fast."

"Dr. Yomani is suggesting to the officials that they question the natives of a small island. He said Odo Island is close to the area where the disasters had taken place," answers Tomo.

notes from an unfinished travelogue:

Odo Island: a bleak spot of land in the blue Pacific, populated by several hundred industrious natives (who were now half paralyzed with fear!) These people were the only ones to see some of the fires at sea. They were also the only ones to see a survivor of the sinking. And his visit was a short one. I strolled the small island, and speculated doing an article on its natural beauty for National Geographic. They pay quite a penny for such. My dreams soon came to an end. While various natives of the island were interrogated by the officials, officer Tomo and I went out among the fishing people.

An anguished Odo Islander spoke hastily and ran off.

"Hey Tomo, we make him mad?"

"He's frightened, terribly frightened. He claims he saw a monster, a horrible monster."

"If he saw a monster, he's had too much Saki to drink."

"Mr. Martin. These island people are very superstitious."

It was decided that we'd spend the night. And it gave me an

opportunity to witness a rare ceremony. One that was all but forgotten. The islanders were performing a hypnotic folk-dance, and wore strange lizard-like masks.

Tomo whispered to me, "The island people are beset by many dangers," these words sank in slowly, as I watched the dancing of the natives. "But," Tomo continued, "some real, some imagined. This ceremony is dedicated to one such danger. There is a legend among the island people that somewhere off their shore there exists a monster, too horrible for a mortal to conceive. Many centuries ago, they used to send a young girl on a raft each year as a sacrifice."

"The name of this monster?"

Suddenly some natives muttered, "Godzilla, Godzilla!"

"Did you hear that," said Tomo, "Godzilla."

"They believe they... er... Godzilla is responsible for all these ship disasters?"

"Certain of it."

That evening Tomo and I rested in a tent we'd set up on the island. In the cooling night air, I looked up at the burning lamp and noticed it

was fluttering. Then the wind rushed out from the sea. Furious wind and rain came. The waves pounded the surf. A terrifying roar was heard. The natives ran in terror. The huts fell to the ground. Tomo and I direly held onto a tree for safety.

It was more than the wind, rain and lightning. Much more. I wasn't just sure what it was. No one was sure. No one except the natives, and they were positive. They said it was Godzilla.

The next morning some islanders were taken back to Tokyo for questioning. Each of the natives of the island told his own story of the sudden turbulence and his own ideas of the cause. They were all under the opinion the destruction was brought about by a living creature. Dr. Yomani, a distinguished scientist, then entered the meeting hall, and reverent silence was about.

"I have not been to the island myself. The world today is filled with many mysteries. In the Himalayas footprints of snowmen have been found. No one knows

Continued on page 28

Comix Freex Rally! Unite!!!

Walk into a candy store to buy comics and in short order you'll meet a real Comix Freak. You'll know him by the way he looks through the whole issue before buying it, and he's the one who won't buy any comic with a creased cover. And he's usually a little older than you... even if you yourself are a Comix Freak... Comix Freaks never "grow out of it."

That, Monster-Maniac, is a dyed-in-the-wool Comix Fan. They are Fanatic about comics. Love 'em! They live for comics, and sometimes we wonder if they are real people. They have such an undying passion for comic books, that not only do they read everything published, but they publish their own. They gather anywhere a

mimeograph or a photo-offset printing press is, and publish, and publish, and publish about the publications they dig and someday hope to work for as cartoonists or comic writers. They call their own publications "fanzines", and distribute them at fan conventions or thru the mail to other comix fans. It's been going on at this organized level for twenty years now. Comix fans know that comics are an unappreciated "fine art", and they want all they can get.

Two of the more famous comic fans are Don and Maggie Thompson of Cleveland, Ohio. Not only have they published many fanzines, they are science-fiction authors, newspaper reporters, and more importantly, they run the GOETHE

AWARDS. These awards are given by comic fans to the working professionals in the comic book field. They give them every year to those pros, who in the fans' opinion, produce the monstrously best work. The awards are named after the German writer Johann Goethe, (pronounced Ger-teh), who in the Thompsons' words, was the first comic fan. Seems that back in 1831 the Big "G" complimented Rudolph Topfller on his early comic art. Fans have been praising and publishing and reading comic ever since. We warned you that fans are strange-thinking people!

We at THE MONSTER TIMES hold this phenomena of Fandom to be newsworthy. And so we run the following article...

VOTE!!!

MONSTER TIMES READERS NOW CAN VOTE!

For your favorite comix!

VOTE!!!

For the first time since the GEOTHE Fan Awards were introduced in 1961, you, the faithful Monster Times reader, will have a chance to vote for your favorites in the comic world. You will be able to make your choice (along with thousands of other people all across the nation). All we ask is that you check only one nominee in each category, have your ballot in the mails before June 1st, 1972, and mail your ballot to the Thompsons (their address is on the ballot), not to TMT. An honest note: we're caught up in the electioneering excitement ourselves, so cannot claim to be totally objective, with that in mind, we present...

CANDIDATES

The comic book that garnered the most nominations this year was National Comics' GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW. It was nominated seven times, including a nomination in every category on the ballot.

Neal Adams is the artist of this comic book. He is also (according to us) near-genius, and probably winner in the BEST ARTIST category. His illustrations on GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW are simply superb. The fans thought so much of his work that four of the stories nominated for BEST STORY were illustrated by Adams. We've reproduced some of these panels here.

Denny O'Neil is the writer of GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW. Denny is one of the best young writers in the comic field today. Three of his stories were nominated. Two of them, "Snowbirds Don't Fly" and "They Say It'll Kill Me..." were from the Green Lantern series. These two stories are landmark comic books. They are about drugs. Heroin.

Up until O'Neil shocked the world with these

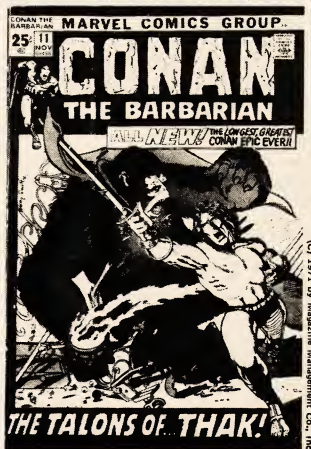


SPEEDY IS A JUNKIE! shrieked both Green Arrow and comix fans, when, for the first time in 17 years the problem of drugs was Even Mentioned in a comic book.

two stories, drugs were taboo in comic books. O'Neil, however, with the aid of Neal Adams, relates a terribly painful story. It seems that Green Arrow's young assistant, Speedy, has been hooked on drugs for some time. Green Arrow is shocked when he finds out this fact in "Snowbirds Don't Fly." Here he is, the famous Green Arrow, a respectable superhero fighting the abstracts - evil and injustice - and is sidekick is in reality hooked.

Well, by the time "They Say It'll Kill Me" was printed, Speedy had (miraculously!) kicked the habit by himself, and vows to fight to save other addicts, kids of his (our) generation, who have turned to drugs because the adult world doesn't care. The hot-headed, impulsive Green Arrow still can't seem to relate to Speedy, and what Speedy says, and in tremendously emotional closing panels, Speedy socks GA, and stakes out on his own. Green Arrow taken aback by his

One of TMT's choices for the best comic book: CONAN by Roy Thomas and illustrator superb, England's Barry Smith... a Comic rife with strange creatures and super sorceries, this.



(C) 1971 by Marvel Management Co., Inc.

OH MY GOD...!
HE OVERDOSED!
...HE'S... DEAD!



Comic readers in America had been spoon-fed namby-pamby Comics Code Approved padding for so long, that when this panel appeared in GREEN LANTER/GREEN ARROW, even the New York Times Sunday Magazine reported it... "relevant."

young ward's show of independence and chip-on-the-shoulder-off-the-old-block manhood, sheds a silent tear.

Julie Schwartz, Green Lantern's editor, is a nominee for BEST EDITOR, and Green Arrow is a nominee for BEST COMIC CHARACTER. GREEN LANTER/GREEN ARROW is nominated for best comic book.

Also nominated seven times this year was Marvel Comics' CONAN THE BARBARIAN. Conan is written and edited by Roy Thomas, who is nominated for an award in each category. Three of his stories, two from Conan, were also nominated.

Thomas is a comic fan turned comic writer/editor. He has taken Conan, originally written by fantasy writer Robert E. Howard, and turned it into what we call a comic masterpiece. Aided and abetted by the super-surrealistic artwork of Barry Smith (also nominated for BEST ARTIST), Conan has become one of Marvel's most popular comics.

In one of the stories, "Tower of the Elephant," Roy Thomas weaves a horrific tale of decadence and valor. Conan alone challenges the corrupt ruler of Zamora and fights his human-elephantine minions for possession of a precious stone kept in The Tower. Barry Smith magnificently portrays human emotion and human foibles in the hip hieroglyphics that is Comic Art.

In the other Conan tale, "Rogues in The House," Thomas and Smith presented a 37 page blockbuster: an amazing journey into the minds

of scheming powerbrokers. Along the way, Conan is betrayed by his woman, Jenna, jailed, escapes, kills Jenna and several others, and finally kills his deadly enemy, The Red Priest. Thomas' marvelous story line is supported by Barry Smith's tremendous artwork, some of which is reproduced here. As you may gather, Conan ain't a sweetness-and-light goody two-sandals.



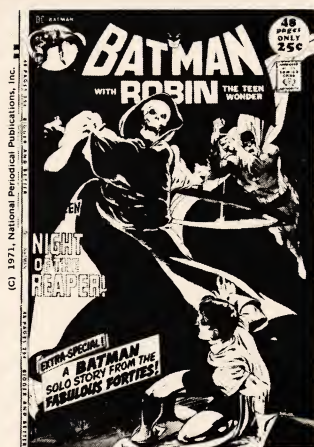
Any similarity between the gang of superheroes called THE AVENGERS, and any gang of super-hoodlums is pure.

Another highly nominated book is THE AVENGERS. Also written and edited by Roy Thomas, and illustrated by Neal Adams, it managed six nominations.

Thomas, who is choice for Best Writer among many of TMT's editorial staff, starts a nine part Avengers novel in the nominated story, "This



Renowned Jack "King" Kirby left Marvel Comic for DC, to create THE FOREVER PEOPLE, and THE NEW GODS... which after only 1 year, sold in the top 10. Now the books are dead, supposedly "retired" so Kirby can go on to "other" big books for DC.



"Night of the Reaper" in BATMAN No. 237 is on the Favorite Comic Story list because a number of comic artists, writers and fans were drawn into its pages by prolific artist Neal Adams.

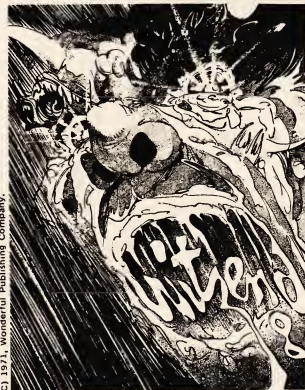
Beach-head Earth." Roy takes us through a "Fantastic Voyage" in this magnificent story. Ant-Man is inserted into the body of a red skinned humanoid known only as the Vision. And if you've ever wondered what the inside of a humanoid looks like, check out some of Adams' super artwork reproduced here. It has everything the film FANTASTIC VOYAGE had except Raquel Welch.

Also interwoven into this story is the beginning of a war for Earth between the Kree and the Skrull, the most powerful Aliens in the Marvel galaxy. And, to top it off, Roy gives us the start of a gut-wrenching, tear-jerking, heart-rendering love affair between Wanda, the Scarlet Witch (a mutant) and the humanoid robot, Vision. The love affair between the android, who is supposedly without feeling, and the mutant creates all the problems one might expect. So many, in fact, that ten issues have transpired and it's still not resolved (Shades of still-more soap-operas!!)

Tried and true, Batman was nominated five times this year. Writer O'Neil, artist Adams (you were expecting maybe Norman Rockwell?) and editor Julius Schwartz were all nominated. Batman was a nominee for BEST COMIC CHARACTER. Also the O'Neil/Adams story, "Night of the Reaper" garnished a nomination, and is TMT-ly newsworthy.

"Night of the Reaper" is a strange story, containing all sorts of references to the Comic Freaks. It seems that each year the comic fans of Rutland, Vermont put on a Halloween parade, and all the participants put on comic book character uniforms. Have you ever seen a fat Superman, an emaciated land-lubber Aquaman

The back cover of WITZEND No. 8, an underground comic featuring work by Frank Frazetta, Ralph Reese, Wally Wood, and Steve (DR. STRANGE) Ditko, among others...



or a Captain America emblazoned with the Star of David? Well, Neal Adams (yep, him again!... does he ever rest?) portrayed the parades thusly. True to the parade. He also drew in some of comicdom's most creative new people, such as Berni Wrightson, Gerry Conway and Al Weiss, (future MONSTER TIMES contributors, all). They all have a role in capturing The Grim Reaper, who, in reality, is a mad doctor, who dies a bittersweet death. If you're a dyed-in-the-uniform comic Freak, you'll surely remember it.

Jack Kirby, who created Captain America and was the long time artist and co-author of Fantastic Four and Thor, was nominated four times. He was nominated for BEST WRITER, BEST ARTIST, and BEST EDITOR for his work on a monumental series of inter-relating books, pitting Good against Evil in a battle for the possession of the Earth. One of those books, THE NEW GODS, was nominated for BEST COMIC BOOK. The other two; FOREVER PEOPLE and MISTER MIRACLE were not nominated, but as they're so close, a vote for NEW GODS is a vote for all three.

In the underground comic division, there are also some very notable nominees.

Foremost among this is WITZEND, published by Phil Seuling (a MONSTER TIMES Associate Editor). It gathers the best of the overground artists and lets them get at it without restriction. It is a beautiful publication.

Also with a good chance for the award is PHANTASMAGORIA, published, written, drawn and edited by Kenneth Smith. Ken is an advertising artist by trade, but his strange style and verve with monsters would make interesting reading for any monster fan. His are whimsical,

philosophical monsters. They are engrossing. They are beautiful.

Also among the nominees are ZAP and THE COLLECTED FREAK BROTHERS by Crumb & Shelton, respectively. Both are fine publications, but neither can stand anywhere near the quality of WITZEND and PHANTASMAGORIA.

So, now: The Monster Times brings you this ballot as a service to the readers, and we will carry more fan related items if your response to this is positive. We urge you to cast your ballot for your favorites, and remind you that The Monster Times will announce the winners when they are available.

Philosophy professor Kenneth Smith's PHANTASMAGORICALLY philosophically Sartre-lyrical whist-delfrical monsters are also up for an "Underground" award.



★ The Awards Ballot ★

Vote for ONE in each category. If you wish not to vote in a category, please vote Abstain. If you feel that no nominee deserves your vote, vote No Award. Winners will be announced in THE MONSTER TIMES.

Favorite Pro Artist:

Neal Adams
Barry Smith
Jack Kirby
No Award
Abstain

Favorite Pro Writer:

Jack Kirby
Denny O'Neil
Roy Thomas
Len Wein
No Award
Abstain

Favorite Pro Comic Book:

Avengers
Conan
Green Lantern
The New Gods
No Award
Abstain

Favorite Comic Book Character:

Batman
Conan
Green Arrow
Spider-Man
Vision
No Award
Abstain

Favorite Underground Comic:

The Collected Freak Brothers
Phantasmagoria
Up from The Deep
Witzend
Zap
No Award
Abstain

Favorite Comic Story

"This Beachhead Earth" Avengers #93—Thomas
"Night of The Reaper" Batman #237—O'Neil
"The Tower of The Elephant" Conan #4—Thomas
"Rogues in the House" Conan #11—Thomas
"Snowbirds Don't Fly" GL/GA #85—O'Neil
"They Say It'll Kill Me... But They Won't Say When..." GL/GA #86—O'Neil
No Award
Abstain

Send ballots ONLY to:

★ Don and Maggie Thompson
8786 Hendricks Road
Mentor, Ohio 44060

All ballots must be postmarked no later than JUNE 1st, 1972.

the Monster Market

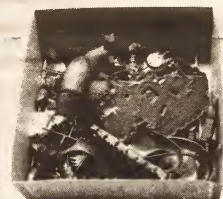
Product Tested: GODZILLA Kit.
Available at: GODZILLA knows!
Price: \$1.49 (But just try and get it! Heh! Heh!)

So what's more in keeping with GODZILLA's filmbook, than a market test on the GODZILLA plastic model kit, we said. And so went out to our fiendly neighborhood hobby model kit shop to buy one.

We soon were disappointed... GODZILLA plastic model kits were nowhere to be found... hadn't been on sale for months (or years, depending on which shop).

So then we called up Aurora, the folk who put out the model... got through to their warehouse... spoke to the person in charge, and managed to purchase THE VERY LAST plastic model kit of GODZILLA in their factory. Ever. The last GODZILLA model kit in the entire world, probably.

When it arrived, we rushed it together. And had a few



The insidious insides... assemble them or go mad trying.

problems... for instance, the kit had two heads, four hands, four feet, two tails, and two back-fin assemblies. Doubles... one set regular green, the other white-ish plastic that (if you've left it in the light long enough) glows in the dark. Of course, we opted for the glow-in-the-dark parts in putting GODZILLA together. Of course...

The result was hilarious! GODZILLA, bulbous green monstrosity looked like a fat tap-dancing green Al Jolson in glow-in-the-dark greenish white face... the claws looking like Mickey Mouse gloves, the white feet looking like ragged spats. The white fins down his back like a penguin that came out of the mold in reverse. Fifteen minutes later, after we had refueled our lungs with oxygen after a non-stop laughing fit, realizing why the GODZILLA kit is no longer in production or on sale, we dismantled him, and reassembled him in total green. The city was hardest to assemble, as its buildings had warped... and had to be put together in a vise.

Grave-robbing may be out of style, but fan exploitation isn't. Monster fans deserve a reliable market test to rely upon before sending money to all-too-monstrous manufacturers. Therefore, to dull the fangs of some vampires of our industry, we at MT innovate The Monster Market to product test items, and report accurately on them — and about the bargains, too!

IMPORTANT! If we are really going to be able to keep the monster magazines in line, we'll need your help. Please write in and tell us of your experience in the monster market, whether it be good, bad or none of the above. Write to THE MONSTER TIMES, c/o The Monster-Market, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

The last Godzilla model kit in the whole wide world (maybe)!



Construction by Howard Kahn

The finished, painted model... which now resides in THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM, next to our autographed photo of James Warren.

And the old model kit glue ain't what it used to be, sticking wise... milk's probably just as adhesive. Model airplane glue, thesedays, is devoid of any stickemstuffen. Which is an improvement for the mental health of a few idiots who sniffed the old stuff, but not good for the majority of clear-headed hobbyists.

Then we had GODZILLA painted, to make him a little less comical. Then we photographed him for this page.

That's about all we can say. Here's the very last GODZILLA plastic model kit in the world, assembled and photographed for you by THE MONSTER TIMES, the only monster newspaper in the world. Painted, he doesn't look too bad, we must admit. Although we preferred him when he looked like Al Jolson.

The model kit assembly sheet has an interesting piece of GODZILLA lore which we feel obliged to add to the canon of GODZILLA myths

(there's a new 'one with every new GODZILLA-pic). It comes to us courtesy whichever Aurora Plastics copywriter was assigned to write something about GODZILLA and didn't see the film (lucky fellow!). Who knows, someday, Toho productions may just produce this intriguing version (they've done just about everything else!)...

"Many years ago, Japan was terrorized by a hideous monster called Godzilla. It destroyed villages and murdered countless numbers of people. No one knew where it came from but they surmised that Godzilla was a creature of prehistoric origin. As suddenly as it had come, the monster returned to the sea and disappeared, leaving a wake of death and destruction behind it. Time passed and Godzilla became only a half-remembered legend.

"In laboratories around the world, seismographs recorded a disturbance in the polar regions. Japanese scientists took a submarine to the area of the disturbance. Radio contact on the mainland reported that the scientists found high radioactivity. A tremendous explosion was recorded on the seismographs. The submarine was never heard from again. Helicopters were sent to the site of the upheaval. They discovered the monster, Godzilla, which had burst from its icy tomb and was making its way to the coast of Japan.

"Military operations were set up on the beach in an attempt to turn the monster back or destroy it. They were not prepared for the sight of so ghastly a creature, nor were they prepared to fend it off. Bullets and tank projectiles had no effect on Godzilla. With a mighty roar Godzilla breathed out a flame like a gigantic blow torch which completely destroyed the military operation.

"The monster made its way inland destroying everything in its path. One sweep of its tremendous tail could completely demolish tall buildings. The earth shook with the weight of its steps. Anything in Godzilla's way was seared by his flaming breath. No one could approach the beast because it was so highly radioactive. People fled in terror. There was no human way to stop Godzilla.

"An enormous rumbling sound was heard. The earth began to shake with violent tremors. Cracks appeared on the surface. The tremendous weight of Godzilla caused the earth to shift and then to open. Godzilla disappeared into a deep crevasse. As the earthquake continued, the ground shifted again and the crevasse closed, burying Godzilla under tons of earth and rocks. But, was Godzilla destroyed or only thrown into suspended animation until another earthquake could set him free?"

We hear GODZILLA's fighting smog-monsters in his next opus... What if he fought glue-fume monsters after that? Hmm...

—C.M. Richards



WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THIS GORILLA?

Over the years, monsters have been used to shill for all sorts of commercial products, from werewolves in need of Binaca breath spray, to Zachery spilling Whip N Chill all over his cold, dank crypt. About a scant month ago, American TV viewers were startled to see one particularly famous monster climb DOWN the Empire State Building... to plug none other than Volkswagen, and say...

**I WANT TO SELL YOU
A GIANT BUG, NOW!!**

KING KONG, the mighty and merciless and all-powerful and big box-office returned to his old, you should say, stomping grounds, grapped a young lady who looks surprisingly like Fay Wray, and climbed the Empire State Building again, more or less for old times' sake...



"I deserved an Oscar," gripes Fay Wray
"But got this, instead!"

There he stood, atop the mighty citadel, and gazed out at the semi-familiar landscape... somehow it seemed a wee bit changed from what it was in 1933. There was a strange 8-sided building with the cryptic inscription, PAN AM, just a few arms-reaches from him. A little ways in the other direction, glinting in the morning mist and smog and sunlight his dim eyes perceived two huge square buildings built side by side. The old town sure had changed... The girl writhing in his paw still looked about the same...

Some rather familiar-looking old friends, those strange four-winged cloth and metal birds that had given him a hard time when he last climbed the Empire State, came swooping after and around him. HE waved hello to those old acquaintances, hoping they'd remember him. They sure did! Straightaway they responded to his friendly salutation with that old hot noisy spitting taka-taka burping sound, a sort of painful Bronx

cheer. And it made him feel bad... like whenever these strange birds spit at him, again, he felt hurt... and blood poured from his fur. He grabbed one of the planes and put it under his arm... perturbedly.

"This is gettin' monotonous," he harumphed. The second time I climbed up here, and these poor hosts act rude and go bothering me, and hurting my feelings. Forget this scene!"

The girl didn't even seem frightened, anymore... she seemed to be enjoying the whole show... "Nothing stays the same in New York, I guess," he mused, as he snorted in disgust and started to climb down the building, to the ground.

On the street, the few people who were loitering about, started to run, but he was non-plussed. "Hardly a red-carpet treatment!" he grunted to himself. "Last time, half the whole city of New York was fleeing my wrath." He looked at the girl, who still writhed in his hand... "Babe, we're splittin' this town!"

He strode to his car, a new VW 411, a new car design which is larger, more sedan-like, and this particular model was about thirty-feet high and as wide as the entire street. He put the girl in on the front passenger's seat (which in this case was really "spacious," and then went around, climbed into the driver's seat, and drove off down 34th Street, mutteringly vowing never to visit uptown New York City again.

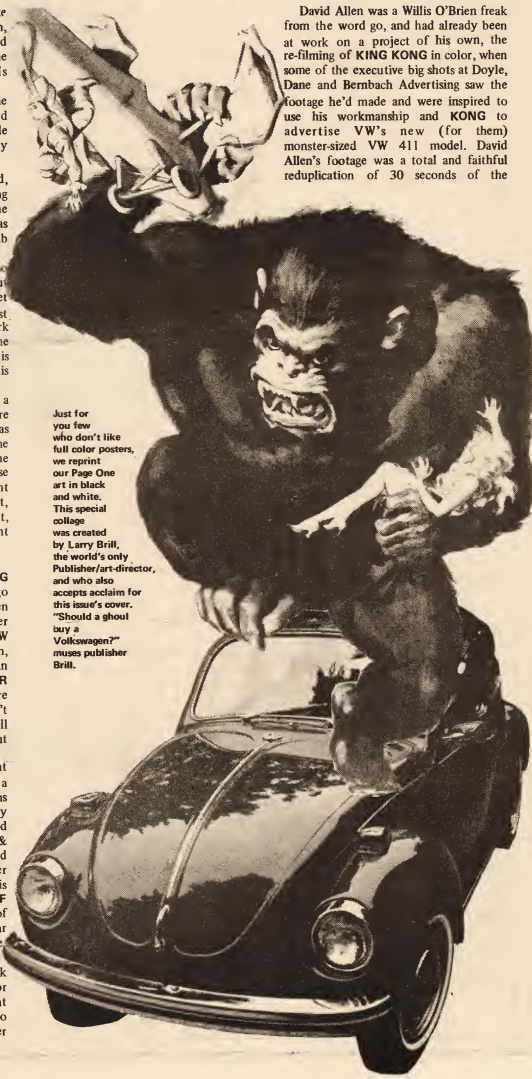
This embarrassing incident in KING KONG's life was shown a month or so ago a few times on TV as a Volkswagen commercial, and then mysteriously never seen again. Rumors have it that the VW folk didn't like it for some odd reason, and have pulled it off themselves, an action which we at THE MONSTER TIMES and monster lovers everywhere lament. We don't know why they don't like it, or why they don't think it'll sell cars... but then again, it's their cars, but then even more again, it's OUR KONG!

KING KONG is one of them Great Classic Films, and its special effects set a standard of excellence few monster films since have reached. KONG was originally animated by a special effects wizard named Willis O'Brien (see MT's #1 & #3), who breathed life into a rubber and fur and wire model. And he lives forever in the heart of anyone who's seen his original film, or its sequel SON OF KONG. We feel that the disappearance of what could have been the most popular TV commercial of all time is regrettable. Particularly since it was so well-made.

The fellow who brought KONG back to life is a young West Coast animator named David Allen. Remember that name, he's without doubt going to become one of the biggies in monster stop-motion animation.

David Allen was a Willis O'Brien freak from the word go, and had already been at work on a project of his own, the re-filming of KING KONG in color, when some of the executive big shots at Doyle, Dane and Bernbach Advertising saw the footage he'd made and were inspired to use his workmanship and KONG to advertise VW's new (for them) monster-sized VW 411 model. David Allen's footage was a total and faithful reduplication of 30 seconds of the

Just for you few who don't like full color posters, we reprint our Page One art in black and white. This special collage was created by Larry Brill, the world's only Publisher/art-director, and who also accepts acclaim for this issue's cover. "Should a ghoul buy a Volkswagen?" muses publisher Brill.



... This car was owned by
a little old lady from Transylvania

Who only drove it at night time ...
and then only to the blood-bank ...

KONG-atop-the-Empire-State-Bldg scene, which he worked on in his spare time over a period of months (the model of KONG had to be moved a fraction of an inch each frame ... a time-consuming process, that).

He's such a fanatic over the work of Willis O'Brien, that he has made a scale model replica (said to be Very Close to the size of the original animation scale model) of KONG, which now is on display in the Buena Park Gallery, just outside Los Angeles. West Coast MT readers take note!



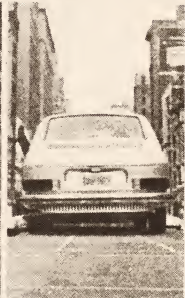
David Allen works for a special effects house in Los Angeles, called Cascade Pictures. Cascade does special commercials for a number of TV shows and TV commercials. One particularly outstanding example of their animation is "Puffinfresh," the Pillsbury Dough-Boy. All right, so maybe he does look like a 3-dimensional Casper the Ghost with a baker's cap, but keep in mind that he's made by the same laborious stop-motion animation process as KING KONG is/was.

Continued on page 27



In case you missed it on your TV set last month, department: the sequence of the Doyle, Dane and Bernbach/David Allen Kongmercial ... KONG astride the Empire State Building, grasping Victoria Riskin, (Fay Wray's daughter) in his paw, grabs WW I bi-plane which has obnoxiously buzzed him. "Buzz off!" snorts KONG, placing the plane under his arm, and climbing down in disgust

(c) 1972, Doyle, Dane & Bernbach, Inc.



What should he find? Lo and behold! A KONG-sized Volkswagen 411, sitting octuple-parked on Fifth Avenue by 34th Street. Placing the lissome Miss Riskin in the passenger's seat, he strides around the car, hops into the driver's seat, and drives off down Fifth; in the direction of Ellis Island. If the Statue of Liberty acted as Justice of the Peace and married them, we wouldn't be a bit surprised.



Every character on these two pages is from comic except in the above illo, tho we feel the girl should be called "Sparkle Plenty." Revolting joke, eh?

SKETCHBOOK OF A SUPER IMAGINATION



DARK DOMAIN. Gray Morrow, artist. 68 pp. New York: Screen Facts Press. Softcover, \$4.00

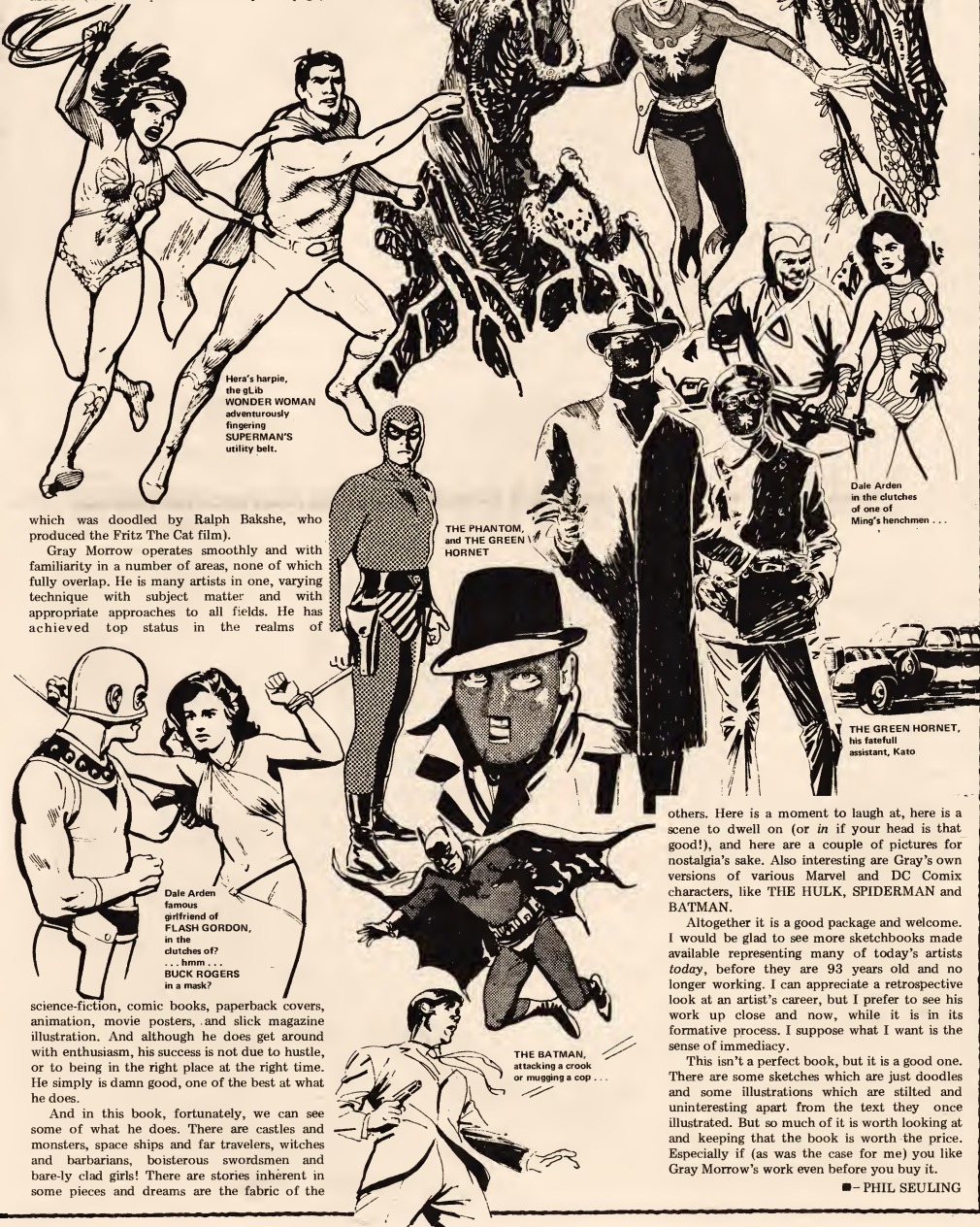
Gray Morrow is without doubt one of the leading illustrators of horror and science fiction and fantasy. When he enters a publisher's office, usually well over half an hour is spent by the pub glomming over Gray's commercial portfolio of printed sci-fi and horror paperback covers and comic strips and horror comic stories and all like that there. **MONSTER TIMES** readers have been treated to some Morrow masterpieces specially commissioned...like f'rinstance the **KING KONG** cover of TMT No. 1, or the centerfold poster for our No. 2 **ALL-STAR TREK** issue.



This **SPIDERMAN** was sketched when he was doing animation and backgrounds on the **SPIDERMAN** TV cartoon series.

Now a collection of demonically dapper Gray Morrow's pencil ponderings, **DARK DOMAIN**, is available.

This book is a gathering of sketches, covers, illustrations, presentations done for never-to-be projects, and visual notes for future productions. There is no connecting theme or idea other than the seemingly endless variety of notions and fancies produced by one mind, that of Gray Morrow (with exception of the very last page,



others. Here is a moment to laugh at, here is a scene to dwell on (or in if your head is that good!), and here are a couple of pictures for nostalgia's sake. Also interesting are Gray's own versions of various Marvel and DC Comix characters, like **THE HULK**, **SPIDERMAN** and **BATMAN**.

Altogether it is a good package and welcome. I would be glad to see more sketchbooks made available representing many of today's artists today, before they are 93 years old and no longer working. I can appreciate a retrospective look at an artist's career, but I prefer to see his work up close and now, while it is in its formative process. I suppose what I want is the sense of immediacy.

This isn't a perfect book, but it is a good one. There are some sketches which are just doodles and some illustrations which are stilted and uninteresting apart from the text they once illustrated. But so much of it is worth looking at and keeping that the book is worth the price. Especially if (as was the case for me) you like Gray Morrow's work even before you buy it.

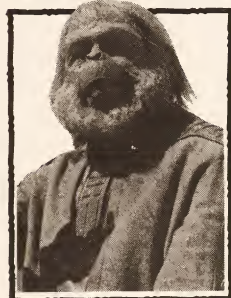
■—PHIL SEULING

The Post-

Visit a thousand new worlds (all of 'em our own)... after, of course the atom bomb hits, and the world ends and ends and ends and yet ever again comes back to end again. You can't keep a world down! observes Joe Kane, our 'tomic travelogue, as he takes us on a picturesque tour of worlds that never (and still might yet) have been...

Observe the quaintly curious natives and their strange customs and fetishes. See them in their charming struggles for survival. Hear their prettily phrased philosophical statements about the futility of the human hostility which got them into their predictable predicaments. Watch their eyes glaze as they recite these speeches, almost as if they thought they were going to receive the blessings of their local deity who goes by the name of "Oscar." See them glow in the dark, too, in this latest (but not latest!) installment of MUSHROOM MONSTERS.

It was a common paranoid daydream (or daymare) of the 50's to picture some fat hack of a general or a blear-eyed technician falling asleep at the master controls and accidentally leaning a weary elbow on the Button that would send several hundred nuclear warheads buzzing around the globe. There were probably safeguards against this but even if people were convinced of that, could they rest assured that the same held true in Russia.



PLANET OF THE APES reversed the trend in evolution and had mankind make the switch to apekind. A subtle distinction in any case, in our opinion.

a land ruled by Godless commies capable of doing just about anything to satisfy their morbid sense of humor? Well, one comforting thought that helped frightened folk through the fearful 50's

By JOE KANE

MUSHROOM MONSTERS

or: The Day The World Ended & Ended Part 4

was that Hollywood was worrying about these things—and who could set things right better than Hollywood? And while Russia didn't drop any bombs on us during that period, Hollywood did. Film after film prophesying the end of the world descended on the eager heads of the movie-going public and, if boxoffice receipts were any indication, we folks loved nothing better than a good, old-fashioned, downhome nuclear holocaust. After conflict after disappointing conflict, the Powers That Were could finally deliver the goods—the war to end all wars, and everything else along with it.

According to Hollywood screenwriters, small pockets of ragged survivors found themselves making their dangerous way through a suddenly ruined and ravaged world, with only the heartless law of the jungle to guide them. Films like FIVE, PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO, THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL, and THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH all presented a grim picture of bedraggled remnants of the human race struggling against the savage conditions of a devastated world. But it was not only a radioactive world that they had to contend with. They also had to worry about each other, as they were

pitted, man against man, in a desperate fight for food, shelter, and women.

In PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO we find Ray Milland (who also directed the flick) leading his family on a perilous trek through a radiated wasteland that was formerly the American Southwest. The area is now roamed by marauding gangs of doped-up degenerates (in high American-International tradition) and blighted by brutal battles taking place between formerly ordinary citizens.



Although the film contains a great many flaws (like Frankie Avalon) it succeeds in charting the stages of Milland's descent into brutality as he battles savagely and finally sadistically for his family's survival. Milland has a knack for being really overbearing when he wants to be (witness the PREMATURE BURIAL) and

Nuclear Holo



caust, World War III Society Blues...

in this one he pulls out all the stops. By the time the flick is over he is really unbearable, a smug middle-class sadist on the loose, but that's exactly the point of the picture. Nuclear warfare can bring out the beast in the best of us.

On a still heavier level, FIVE, ON THE BEACH, AND THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL showed people struggling for life and tormenting each other against a deadly background of nuclear desolation. ON THE BEACH, the weightiest of the three, was brought to the screen via Nevil Shute's novel of the same name by that champion of middlebrow controversy, Stanley Kramer. Kramer's film was a pretty ponderous affair about a handful of people stranded in Australia and spending their last days wishing they had a little time to think, in between profound sighs of defeat. FIVE we looked at in an earlier installment of this series, and THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL was another strained symbolic number ala ON THE BEACH about a trio of interracial survivors caught in the same kind of bickering bag that brought about awesome extensions of the human fist like the atomic bomb to begin with. Because of the unreal atmosphere surrounding the very idea of nuclear war, it seemed like a subject best suited for the horror film hacks to work out, which they did, over and over until a real end to the world might have come as a welcome relief—provided, of course, that Hollywood would be one of the prime targets of such an attack.

Instead of having their characters floundering about in the immediate aftermath of atomic destruction, some films flung their heroes headlong into a far and frightening future, a future that

sometimes bore a strong and "ironic" resemblance to our prehistoric past. In Roger Corman's (who probably qualifies as the world's leading expert on such matters) TEENAGE CAVERN, we only find out at the merciful end of this flick, when a dying mutant divulges the shocking secret that the world we are watching is not one million B.C., but more like one million A.B. (After the Bomb)! Mankind has been ordered back to GO, without collecting 200 civilizations, all the way back, in fact, to

the caves of superstition, brutal daily survival, sabre-toothed tigers, and all those other backward things. But Corman leaves us with one shred of good news—Robert Vaughn is going to lead us out of it and we can rest easy in the assumption that somewhere in the future another Edward Teller will be hatched to start the cycle all over again.

One of the best (that is, worst) of these films was an understandably obscure effort called CAPTIVE WOMEN, released in 1952. In this one we see



The "Morlocks" were so designated on account of their hair, which was not only fair but longer than anyone else's.

TARGET EARTH featured one-eyed robots severely disappointed to find only six humans alive to torment



Grade-B stalwart Robert Clarke (BEYOND THE TIME BARRIER, THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON) and cohorts living the prehistoric life in New York's bombed-out subway stations of the 29th Century. The formerly staid city, once a bulwark of Western Civilization, is now a graveyard of atomic rubble and ruins roamed by tribal bands of savage survivors of World War III, and the pollution of yore has been replaced by the bad breath of a thousand yawning lions imported straight from a Jungle Jim backlot. Tribal warfare, bearskins, and grunts have subdued for civilization-as-we-knew-it, and, even if the film is off the mark in most respects, you have to give it one thing—it did possess the foresight to prophesy what the New York subway system would be like 20 years hence, in 1972. Except for the lions, of course, who are still crouched on the steps of the 42nd Street library just waiting to seize the time.

Visions of anemic, mechanistic futures can be found in films like THE TIME MACHINE, WORLD WITHOUT END, and CREATION OF THE HUMANOID, while PLANET OF THE APES emerged as a study of inverted physical evolution; Man into Ape! THE TIME MACHINE has been dealt with time and time again, but WORLD WITHOUT END and especially CREATION OF THE HUMANOID have never received the kind of attention they deserve. WORLD WITHOUT END is a

Continued on page 26



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A Review by Gerry Conway

Ever hear of a werewolf joining the FBI?
Ever hear of a werewolf
proud to join the FBI?
Ever hear of Anthony Boucher?

Well, perhaps that's a bit more misleading than I want it to be—and for the sake of narrative hook, it's got to be a touch misleading—because Anthony Boucher was, if nothing else, a man of complex values; and to shuck him off as nothing more than the author of a werewolf g-man (or would it be a g-were?) story would be doing a grave disservice to him, and to you. But the fact remains, there's this werewolf story he wrote... tongue-in-cheek, mind you; but still... this story where this werewolf teams up with the FBI to bust a Nazi spy ring, and so on, and other stuff; but a werewolf in the FBI! It fairly boggles the mind.

The title story in this new collection of Boucher's work is *THE COMPLETE WEREWOLF*, and if you're any sort of fan of fantasy (and perhaps a little sci-fi), you should rush right down to your neighborhood paper-merchant and hustle yourself a copy of this pleasant tome. By my way of thinking, the book sells itself by the werewolf story alone: you can't lose when you're sticking a werewolf in old J. Edgar's fun team. (Though to be truthful, this is only intimated in the story; for lycanthropy fans, there's plenty of other bits to get involved in, including an interesting theory of Boucher's about how werewolves got along during the Depression.

If all the book had going for it was that one wolf-yarn, I'd recommend it without reservation; fortunately for the truly ambitious literate, there are other tales worth reading—and at least one or two of them rate, in my mind, as first class horror/monster weavings.

One, *They Bite*, picks up on Ogres; not the cartoon-strip image of the giant situated in a cloud-castle, hoarding gold and kidnapping hapless princesses—but honest to god, actual ogres. (You mean you've never heard of honest ogres? Friend, grab yourself a pocket history of the middle ages; you'll need it as you

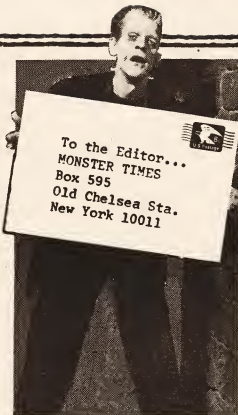
delve further and further into horror lore.) This story revolves around a "family" of ogres called the Crackers, the kind of family that found itself a comfortable spot on a much-traveled highway and picked off likely-looking dinner guests. According to Boucher's informant, the Army had to wipe out the family—twice. Seems the Crackers are pretty hard to kill...

Another good one is a short piece titled *The Pink Caterpillar*, which picks up, enjoyably, on a character Boucher introduced incidentally in *The Complete Werewolf*: an Irish detective named Fergus O'Brien. Saying anything about the plot of this story could easily ruin the ending, so I'll only comment on the general feeling of the piece. This kind of story is purely Lovecraftian; the narrator is twice removed; Fergus is relating the story to a small group of drinking buddies, among them Boucher himself, presumably. In Burroughs's day, this sort of touch was supposed to add an air of realism; it puts the reader in the position of confidant rather than audience. Nice technique, and, unlike stories by lesser authors, it manages to come off fairly well. (One of the best of this type of story series is Arthur C. Clarke's *Tales From the White Hart*—highly recommended—Editor.)

This continued use of characters from previous stories is one of the more pleasing aspects of the collection; if you found a character particularly amusing (and in a Boucher story, the characters are more likely to be amusing than ominous), there was always the possibility he'd show up again. As Dugg Quinby does, appearing first in *Q.U.R.* and then in *ROBIN*; it's a nice bit, and perfectly in tone with Boucher's light, carefree (but not careless!) style.

Above all else, this collection has Style. Not an intrusive style, a writing technique that makes you aware that you're reading, but rather, a way of handling the characters and situations that makes them uniquely Boucher—without sacrificing any of the reader's sympathy for them as people. Most (in fact, all) of these stories

Continued on page 27



AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Dear Editors,

Here is as fantastic a tale as ever got filmed.

I had heard of your fabulous mag, and knowing that my postal par Leonard Maltin, he of the Great Movie Shorts, was about to hit England for a week's convention with the Cinephilics (movie buffs and collectors), I wrote and asked him to bring be a set of MONSTER TIMES.

Naturally, he forgot. Naturally I protested. Naturally his roommate on the winging had a copy of MT 5 in his pocket. Naturally he sold it to me. Naturally it contained a fab fullpage review of my book MOVIE MONSTERS. Eek and eek! Even a man who is pure in heart and who says his prayers by night may become a flabbergasted author when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon and MONSTER TIMES, is right.

Meanwhile may I hope that my Part Two book is on its way to your review pages, SCIENCE FICTION CINEMA? Many the monster therein doth lurk. If not, then demand same from DUTTON. And while you're at it, demand HARDBACK COPIES, which will prevent your reviewer's problems with the limp binding, and rocket my already phenomenally minimal royalties.



Meanwhile, it seems my Part Three of Fantasy Cinema, the originally projected trilogy to cover the genre, may never get off the ground due to Dutton's curious hesitancy with future projects and its British publishing end, Studio Vista. Which will explain why so many movies and monsters are missing thus far.

By the by, your man might've mentioned the main and solid centre of the book: namely the fine and detailed, filmpography at the rear end. This is why the text is brief, I had an exact number of words allotted to me and it was either facts in a filmpography and brief text, or slightly extended text, and no filmpography. I decided on the filmpography as the only way I was going to get to mention every monster movie in the world. Hence the shorthand.

Best,
Dennis Gifford
London, England

Tally Ho-rror! Great to have a famous author actually paying money for our motley monster rag. Send us a copy of your SF book when it out, and we'll certainly review it, Gifford, old chap!

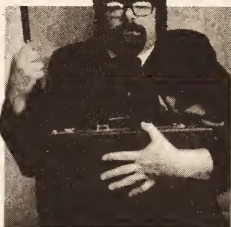
PUBLISHER WANTED!

Dear MONSTER TIMES,

I think your publication is simply Great! The photo of Larry Brill in the zombie mask in your zombie issue was OK, but what does Les Waldstein look like? I really think you guys are doing a great job, but tell your editor to stop imitating the worst aspects of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, MONSTERS AND HEROES, and especially FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FLIM-FLAM!

Calvin Iwie Warren, the 3rd
New York City

Ok, Calvin, you asked for it. Here is publisher Les Waldstein, with the contents of terrific all-EC comic issue #10 in his brief-case.



SKULL ISLAND TRAVELOGUE?

Dear Sirs:

M.T. 1 was quite good. I especially enjoyed the King Kong article but I wish you would print a picture of Skull Island, my favorite scene.

M.T. 2 had good articles, but much of the material had been covered by "The Making of Star Trek."

I would like to see future article on Lost Horizon, and Jack Arnold's films. As far as comic books go, I would like to see articles on the companies in the '30's and '40's, not just the characters and books, but the history of the shops themselves.

As a service to your readers, could you provide tape recordings of the proposed Marvel radio shorts? For that matter, how about a regular column on old-time radio program collecting. There are quite a few of us comic collectors that have other related interests.

Keep up the good work.

Al Onia
Canada

Sorry we have no pix of Skull Island, as of this time, we'll be getting into Old Time Radio Stuff soon, Al.

GADZOOKS! GAD-FLY CRAVINGS!

M.T.:

GADZOOKS!

I've been waiting for a mag like this for years! And finally, like the Baron's faithful night, it has come! Exceeding mortal limits, you guys have come up with something that we Monster Freaks have been waiting for all of eternity! Something I really appreciated was your analysis of Advertisements. This should be kept up so our poor suckers don't waste our bread. My craving for M.T. is equal to Renfield's craving for flies (and you know how bad that was)! Thaxx a lot!!!

Kevin Klauber
Queens, N.Y.C.

We hope only to make you kooks GLADZOOKS!

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.





You just saw Kong selling Volkswagens back on page ten, now we present our own look at the Kongvivial one, figuring that his interests are not so much cars and commercials as girls and motorcycles . . .



SACRIFICIAL







HOT PRINTS ANYONE?

by Gary Gerani

Almost everyone with some spare time on his hands has a hobby: coin collecting, sky diving, bottle cap popping or even taxidermy. "Time filling" (or "time killing", depending upon your point of view) has become a world-wide practice. One of the more interesting (and certainly more dangerous) popular hobbies is film collecting. Interesting, because the collected item is a collection in itself, a gathering of talents fused together to create that amiably artistic illusion. And dangerous because, well folks, there are copyright restrictions and interstate licensing stipulations that will boggle the mind, and that often badger the convicted collector; and could land him in the clink... a convicted collector. Still we reveal all the following inside info on...

HOW YOU TOO CAN OWN AND SHOW YOUR FAVORITE MONSTER MOVIE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

MONSTER TIMES' readers should be warned at the outset, that collecting feature-length fright films is a federal offense, and not recommended to anyone. Monster movies, being marketable items and licensed and distributed in interstate traffic, are subject to regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the property of the studios or distributing companies which made or released them... even their property in copied form. Many and crafty and mysterious are the ways in which film collectors acquire their prints of *THE TIME MACHINE*, or *KING KONG* or *GODZILLA* and many a merry secretive chase do these collectors lead un-fanish organizations such as the FBI!

With this particular "underground" aspect ever present as the WWI airplanes eternally buzzing about *KONG*'s head, naturally we cannot reveal which horror and sci-fi buffs collect these films... or even hint at how one exactly goes about collecting 'em. Rest assured in your coffins, that TMT does not encourage anyone to collect horror, monster or science fiction films, other than those which are commercially available in the film hobby magazines, in reels of 8 millimeter.

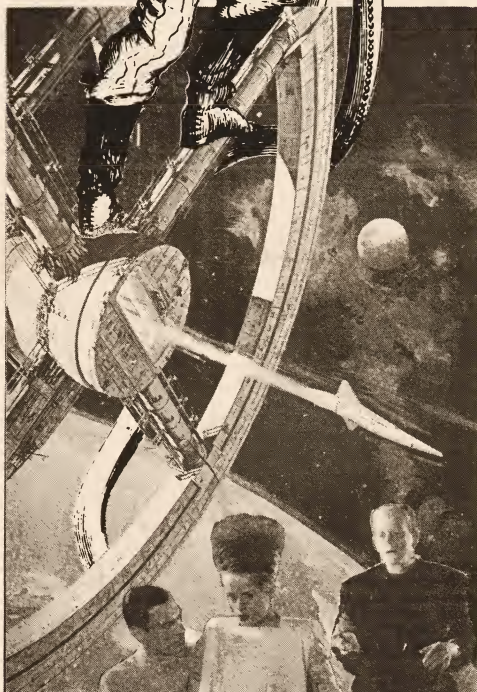
People who actually go so far as to collect feature-length films do so in strange ways. A phonecall in the middle of the night... a hushed hissing voice on

the other end of the line, croaking out: "Dere's a hot print of *FORBIDDEN PLANET* available!" or "Meet me at 3 AM beneath the Brooklyn Bridge... and I'll sell youse a commercial picture show advertising trailer from *THE WIZARD OF OZ*!" Strange dark shapes slink and scurry in large metropolitan thoroughfares, ominous black limousines with New Jersey license plates pull up in front of mild-mannered suburban split-levels and mysterious henchmen cart out large round man-hole cover-shaped tins marked "FU MANCHU Pizza Parlor." Sometimes even in broad daylight in Central Park, relatively harmless-looking young film fans lift up lids from garbage cans marked "Department of Parks, Section 2001," drop a thick wad of money into the can (which promptly disappears down a mysterious hole in the earth, to person or persons unknown), and the young film freak skips away; bemused park onlookers little knowing that the demented young man has a 16 millimeter copy of the science fiction opus 2001 in his arms, cleverly disguised as a garbage can lid.

There are ever more horrifying methods, but we durst not go into them.

16 millimeter (mm) is the width of film most film fans specialize in. The average person (a non-collector) is probably familiar with 8 mm, the common "home movie" projection equipment that can be purchased in any law-abiding camera shop. It is quite sufficient for the layman who doesn't demand much in the way of crystal clear images and perfect motion. In fact, the newly-developed "Super-8" is an advanced version of this First Film Degree, and often provides the average, everyday "once a year" film bug with more than adequate picture quality. 16 mm, however, constitutes "the mark of the professionals." It is used quite a bit in television (nearly all syndicated local movies and TV series are in 16) and it is the version desired most by film collectors. To keep the records straight, 35 mm is the stuff you see at your local movie theater, and the size, expense and general difficulty of this film form usually alienates it from the collecting crowd.

Although movie fans collect virtually every type of film imaginable, we of *THE MONSTER TIMES* are concerned with one of the more popular film genres which is... monster movies! Fantasy films constitute a large majority of the 16 prints desired, and most dealers recognize the fact that horror and sci-fi products are best selling or trading items.



A print of 2001 can be had for a mere \$1001.00! Better invest in it now, before the prices go up!

Classic fix like *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* are scarce, and chances are, if you get one, it's a print "duplicated" for TV. Or an 8 millimeter short from Castle Films.

Strangely enough, the old silent "classic" fright flicks, like **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** are not the most sought after, basically because they're usually available in 8mm. (More on 8mm products later on.) The fans find their type of material in the league of the old Universal monster melodramas, **FRANKENSTEIN**, **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE WOLFMAN**, **THE MUMMY**, **DRACULA**, even **ABOT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** and the like are hard to find nowadays. These prints, by the way, almost all originate from television sources, since TV syndication utilizes and demands 16mm versions of the highest quality. This also brings to mind another interesting facet of this hobby known as the "dupe". An original print (made from the original negative) is often copied and the results are usually disastrous! Until recently, television had been spared this degradation, but a few months ago this reporter viewed a duped print of Lon Chaney Jr.'s **THE WOLFMAN** on the tube. Lon looked just as bad before his metamorphosis as he did after it! More interesting 'cause huge crawling hairy-amoeba sort of smudges and streaks kept hobbling and slithering across his face, giant dust-motes of note.

The science fiction flicks of the fifties (even the bad ones) dominate the fantasy film market. Of the classics, **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** and **THE THING** are difficult to locate and when they are discovered their prices exceed \$100.00 average black-and-white feature cost. You can't expect to find **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** or **THE THING** for any less than twice that sum, and when you do you're a lucky collector! But if you think that's a high price for one movie, just wait until you try to purchase a color classic... hoo boy! George Pal's stupendous **WAR OF THE WORLDS** goes for anywhere from \$250 to \$400, depending upon the print quality and the dealer strategy. The Harnhausen films (**THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, et al) are also very expensive, although not quite as high as some others. "Scope" pictures, for example, really run into a fortune. Assuming that the collector has an anamorphic (wide screen) lens (another hundred bucks), a color, Cinemascope print of **THE TIME MACHINE** is an easy \$400. Not so easy for the fan unless he's got a rich brother-in-law or a money-machine.

For all this money, one would expect that the purchased print would be excellent. Generally these prints are used and have an unwelcome abundance of splices and lines, but occasionally a top price greasing the correct palm, makes available new, never-run "mint" prints. But sometimes, not.

An ideal example of this is MGM's runaway classic of the fifties, **FORBIDDEN PLANET**. For the longest time now this feature has been literally turning red, due to the poor stock of the color film it was originally shot on. Yet, since it is a rare film and an excellent film, available prints vanish as soon as they appear, red tinted and all! By the way, the same thing is happening to Metro's **THE TIME MACHINE**, and it won't be long before all owners of that film are seeing red themselves! This is one of the hazards of the hobby... and one of the shames of el-cheapo Hollywood, which produced films that self-destruct in 15 years!

Recent titles are almost impossible to locate (because they haven't hit television), although most experienced film bugs usually manage to locate their favorites. 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY has been around and usually goes for close to a mere thousand dollars. Well folks, you wanted to get into this hobby! Now that CBS has purchased a slew of recent

horror pix like 5,000,000 YEARS TO EARTH, avid film collectors have been collecting their pennies.

For the more economical among us, episodes of various TV series are more reasonable (usually about 60 bucks for a hour in color), although **STAR TREK** fans will have an unusually difficult and expensive time uncovering their favorite episodes.

After all this, many of your prospective film collectors of the future will still have no idea to go about finding these films. If we gave any advice to them it would be to purchase some photography magazines, and their classified sections should yield forth some names and companies specializing in this material. But, you intelligently ask, didn't I say it was against the law to sell this merchandise? We're gonna cover that little situation right now!

It is, technically, against the law to sell or own monster films, like **HORROR OF DRACULA** or **KING KONG**, or **FRANKENSTEIN**, but despite this, illegal film distribution continues and shows no signs of coming to any abrupt ending. In a way, it's sort of like a "celluloid prohibition", since the desire for these movies is stronger than any film market licensing restriction. The Government knows this, but, after all, what can it do? It isn't such a severe offense that strict action on a large scale is necessary, so "boot legged" distribution of feature films continues. No Elliott Ness of monster-film retrieving has yet made the scene, but every so often one hears of monster buffs whose fanish collecting acquired them old feature films, suddenly being spirited away in the middle of the night.

But why must these films be restricted to begin with? That is a very difficult question to answer, especially when one considers the material the companies release in 8mm for public consumption. Columbia's home movie catalog lists many copyrighted titles, including about half of **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** sold as various different shorts. Universal's Castle Films even goes so far as offering condensed 16mm versions of everything from **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** to **THE PERILS OF PAULINE**... and with sound to boot! But the obvious reason for restricting full-length features seems to be that public showing of these complete features would hamper the actual theatrical bookings, and from the studio's point of view, that's a valid enough reason for keeping their prints under wraps. But we of **THE MONSTER TIMES** see a day when the studios change the law, allowing distribution of their product to private homes but preventing their showings in public places, thus eliminating the major problem as well as aiding the financially bankrupt film companies with private print sales.

By the looks of things, that day may be closer than we think! Many fans like the movies so much that they want a souvenir from the actual production itself. The auctions at MGM and 20th Century Fox proved that props from popular movies (such as Dorothy's glass slippers from **THE WIZARD OF OZ** or the actual **TIME MACHINE**) are now in demand by the nostalgia crowd. So, wise up, movie mequils! Prints on your films will sell like hot cakes! Why turn down an opportunity to bring extra millions in revenue to your corporations?

Well, that takes care of the 16 freaks. But there's a whole other group out there, the "Amazing Paper People" who collect stills, lobby cards, pressbooks and items too numerous to mention! So, howabout it, gang? Want a report on that phase of Fandom? Just keep these cards and letters comin' in and **THE MONSTER TIMES** will be happy to oblige!



JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, is available in 4 expensive but legal segments from Columbia films... however, the sound is often out of sync with the picture.



THE WOLFMAN is such a hard-to-get film, that one gets all hairy just thinking about it.



THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL still stands at about \$200 minimum.

The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, guesstimates ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monsterdom's answer to Rona Barret, Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror, fix cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

Shirley MacLaine is starring in the suspense-thriller **THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY**, set for release soon. The film is shot entirely on location in New York, by the producer who made **DESPERATE CHARACTERS**.

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS, the Sagittarius chase-thriller, is currently lensing at Pinewood Studios in London. Geraldine Chaplin and Dana Andrews are starred.

An East German production company is scheduled to shoot **ELIXIR OF THE DEVIL**, based on the fantasy novel of E.T.A. Hoffman and a thriller entitled **SHOTS IN MARIENBAD**, based on the murder of Prof. Theodor Lessing who fled from Germany to Czechoslovakia.

The press agents for the West German cartoonist and practical joking TV personality, **Loiret**, have been working overtime too long. Strategically planted in several editions of European and British magazines is this sorry bit of

hype-drivel... Loiret had on his West German talk show a dry, poker-faced "spokesman for West Germany's Vampire minority"—who duly reported on rapidly "deteriorating conditions under which Vampires are forced to exist."

Gravely, the spokesman said: "Along the Rhine, alone, there are 3,000 vampires who are bedridden. We urgently need money for new blood. Will YOU take a young vampire for a much-needed holiday?"

The Stuttgart, Germany, TV center was inundated with letters and phone calls from sympathetic viewers who offered donations.

One little old lady in Bremen wrote: "We are willing to have a young vampire as our house guest for a fortnight. We could



make him very comfortable."

Or so Mr. Loiret's press agents, a motley pack, have told us. We must assume their reporting to be of blemishless veracity—the sort employed by Vampires and other press agents. We suspect, however, their pronouncements, because they come from so forthright a source as a Vampire, shall (as proof of honesty), not stand up under the light of day.



The Theatre World seems to be under attack from the Monster World.

Michael Butler, producer of **HAIR** and **LENNY**, has in the production stages a musical version of... **FRANKENSTEIN**. I suspect this will be a somewhat 'Camp' version, for I cannot envision the Monster bursting out into heart-rending madrigals. More likely, he'll hum a few bars of "All of Me" before he gets to the town, where he'll burst into the production number "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and ending the first act with "Hey, Look Me Over," as the finale.

VIA GALACTICA, the musical which will take place in a space ship, has started casting.

The previously announced play, **A GHOST STORY**, has opened as **THE OTHERS**. I haven't seen it yet, but will let you know how it is as soon as I do. I have very high

hopes for this one, especially since it has Julie Harris and Richard Kiley as its stars.

The thriller **SLEUTH** continues to be a smash hit drama as well. **CHILDREN, CHILDREN**, Gwen verdon's first non-musical play, has



COMIC FANDOM MONTHLY
BORN: SEPTEMBER, 1971
DIED: APRIL, 1972

Comic Fandom Monthly, Fandom's only regularly published article magazine, died April 2, 1972. CFM had been in existence for less than a year.

CFM died as a result of editor Joe Brancatelli's continuing loss of funds spent on the magazine. The regular circulation of 850 was not sufficient for CFM to run on an even keel.

Comic Fandom Monthly featured the columns of renowned fan-writers like Tony Isabella, Mark Evanier, Gary Brown, Jeff Wasserman, Steve Jenkins, Paul Levitz, and many writers who were developed by CFM. The first six issues of CFM averaged 36 pages for the comparatively low zinc price of 50 cents. The last issue was a special, 64-page, selling for one dollar, and included a brilliant self-parody, called **Comic Fandom Monthly**.

In its short lifetime **Comic Fandom Monthly** gained one of the highest reputations ever achieved by a fanzine for regularity of publication and general quality of content. It is one of the black marks on Fandom's record that we couldn't keep this magazine alive.

Comic Fandom Monthly is survived by its editor and publisher, Joe Brancatelli, who is now the managing editor at **The Monster Times**, and by its writers, who have switched their various columns over to other fanzines or who have since retired.

R.I.P., C.F.M!

P.L.

the whole cast down, Frankie, baby...

opened on Broadway, but I think the length of its run will be based purely on Miss Verdon's draw at the box office. I personally am a devoted fan of hers, but the play and her role in it are far below her talents. The "Children" are malicious, if not murderous but the comic interludes, and the unsurprising plot leave us unsympathetic and not at all shocked.

Andrew Herz is planning APE

OVER BROADWAY, which is supposed to be a lampoon of Hollywood "Gorilla" films. (**THE APE OF THINGS TO COME?**)

Set for a spring opening, **THE UNREST CURE** is a musical based upon the short stories of eerie author, Saki (H.H. Munro).



David Ladd, Alan's son, is before the cameras in **DEATH LINE**, a modern horror story. Having for his co-star is masterful macabre actor, Donald Pleasance. Story deals with a group of greedy ghouls who are determined to make London a lousy place to live and die.

Harry Guardino and Darren McGavin (again?) have been signed for the first few episodes of the TV series **THE EVIL TOUCH** Anthony Quayle is the host.

Elliot Gould will essay the role of Raymond Chandler's famous detective, Philip Marlowe in Robert Altman's new film production of **THE LONG GOODBYE**.



The Academy Awards nomination for best Special Effects this year are **BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS**, and

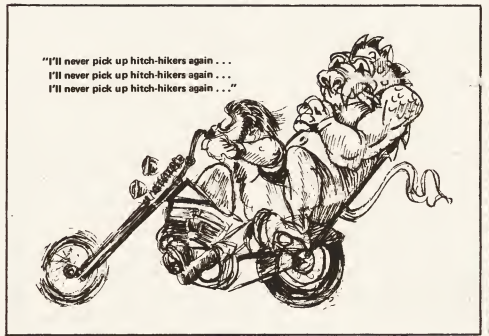


WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. Most likely it'll be another Disney win.

Lorna Heilbron has been added to the cast of **THE CREEPING FLESH**, starring Christopher Lee, and Peter Cushing.

Alfred Hitchcock's new film, **FRENZY**, is set for release.

So that's the dope of the blood on Broadway, the terror on TV and the fright in the films. How much more gore could you want?



"I'll never pick up hitch-hikers again...
I'll never pick up hitch-hikers again...
I'll never pick up hitch-hikers again..."

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Reference Guide to Fantastic Films.

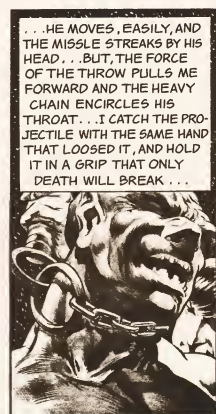
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... HE MOVES, EASILY, AND THE MISSILE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD... BUT, THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENCIRCLES HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK...



... THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR... THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENCIRCLES MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS... HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE... TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...

Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Baneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book: **BADTIME STORIES**. Regular readers of **THE MONSTER TIMES** know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's **FRANKENSTEIN** in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circuful of ghouls and goblins, and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meaneast of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on **BADTIME STORIES**. We reviewed them in **MONSTER TIMES** No. 6, recieved so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Wrightson's wrightingly weird workshop whets my wish-craft for his weebegone worlds! Rush _____ copies of **BADTIME STORIES** at \$5.00 per copy plus \$0.50 postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to _____

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The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of **THE MONSTER TIMES**. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quantity curious nerds. The gatherings called "conventions," and the nerds, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Deractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comic science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demasted literates who bring out **THE MONSTER TIMES**, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare say

MUSHROOM MONSTERS

Continued from page 15

fairly effective thriller about a spaceship crew who inexplicably hurtle through time to find themselves roaming an Earth of the future, after, of course, the World War III holocaust has etched permanent scars into the face of the planet. (They even find the gravesites of relatives whom they saw only "days" before but who have actually been dead for hundreds of years). The crew learns that the surviving generations have been forced to go underground since that war due to the presence of belligerent mutants (again), descendants of the radioactive victims who rule the surface of the earth with an iron claw. Members of the human race have become paler and even more lifeless than usual, living out their lives as subterranean hypochondriacs in the artificially conditioned caverns of the earth. Here they are protected not only from the contaminated air and hostile mutants above but from the sun and other natural elements necessary for good health and long life as well. The film, despite its melodramatic trappings and sometimes clumsy special effects (particularly a spooky-looking spider of the giant variety thrown in for comic relief, or so it *seemed*), is an interesting one, as the displaced crew and the underground forces of good straighten out internal

Mutant gives heroine Lori Nelson the eyes—all three of them—in a tense moment from *DAY THE WORLD ENDED*.



The righteous members of the Order are out to control the clickers' intelligence level (the clickers, you see, range from total robot to almost human depending on how they were constructed) and limit their political rights (sound familiar?) only to discover that many of their own number are, in reality, clickers. And they know better than anyone else that the only good clicker is a dead clicker (or de-activated, we should say), so the Order has quite a dilemma on its hands.

Don Megowan turns in a good performance as an outraged officer of the Order of Flesh & Blood whose very own

Morlocks being beefy but weak-muscled morons with simian features, while the Eloi resembled a gentle gathering of hip but spacey high school students. Conditioned by the remorseless Morlocks to enter their lair upon hearing the wail of an air raid siren (a relic from a World War III that had transpired some hundreds of thousands of years before), the Eloi were then eaten—a less than symbiotic relationship all things considered. The interesting thing about *THE TIME MACHINE* is its promise that atomic evil will live on (here in fatal lure of the siren) long after it's done its initial damage.

Other noteworthy flicks in this subgenre of the nuclear film are Peter Watkins' *WAR GAME*, a grimly realistic, cinema-verite style look at a demoniacally disjointed post-war civilization; *LORD OF THE FLIES*, about a group of British lads reverting rather rapidly to savagery when left unsupervised on a deserted isle; and Roger Camman's *THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH*, a spooky concept that, in which a gangster and his lawyer battle it out over the title character, the gangster's unhappy wife, in an atomically demolished Puerto Rico.

The trouble with most of the Post-Holocaust films, and one common to science-fiction films in general, is that these future, post-bomb scenarios are just not well thought out. A radical change on one level of a society cannot help but imply that radical changes have taken place on other levels as well. But these films (unless the classic if unduly pompous *THINGS TO COME*) and very much like the old Flash Gordon and other pre-war raygun epics, are usually content to focus on a limited, gimmick-oriented, ultra-simplistic vision of fantasy future. Usually the society functions—with the exception of some weird gimmicks, like the presence of non-human monsters—very much like American society, circa 1955, or whenever the individual film happened to be made. The reconstructed society then serves mainly as a background for the usual hack Hollywood horror story.

But still, some of these films, especially ones like *THE TIME MACHINE*, and *CREATION OF THE*

HUMANOIDS, at least manage to be clever in conception and fun to watch—and a good time is not to be taken lightly in this day and age. Oddly enough, it was the occasional British entry in the genre of the nuclear film—*WAR GAME*, *LORD OF THE FLIES*, and the earlier *THINGS TO COME*—that succeeded in treating the subject of nuclear war not only in a clever or amusing way, but seriously. I don't know what they're trying to prove, but we'll certainly have no more of that sort of thing, thank you!

POST-HOLOCAUST FILMOGRAPHY

BATTLE BENEATH THE EARTH — 1966 — Montgomery Tully.

BEYOND THE TIME BARRIER — 1960 — Edgar G. Ulmer. With Robert Clarke, Darlene Tompkins.

CAPTIVE WOMEN — 1952. With Robert Clarke.

CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS — 1962 — Wesley E. Barry. With Don Megowan, Eric Eliot.

DAY THE WORLD ENDED — 1956 — Roger Corman. With Richard Denning, Lori Nelson.

FIVE — 1951 — Arch Oboler. With William Phipps, Susan Douglas.

LAST MAN ON EARTH — 1964 — Sidney Salkow. With Vincent Price, Franca Bettoia.

LAST WOMAN ON EARTH — 1960 — Roger Corman. With Antony Carbone, Betsy Jones-Moreland, Edward Wain.

OMEGA MAN — 1971 — With Charlton Heston, Rosalind Cash.

ON THE BEACH — 1959 — Stanley Kramer. With Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO — 1962 — Ray Milland. With Ray Milland, Frankie Avalon.

PLANET OF THE APES — 1968 — Franklin Schaffner. With Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter.

ROCKET SHIP X-1 — 1950 — Kurt Neumann. With Lloyd Bridges.

TARGET: EARTH — 1964 — With Richard Denning, Virginia Grey.

TEENAGE CAVEMAN — 1958 — Roger Corman. With Robert Vaughn, Darrah Marshall.

THIS IS NOT A TEST — 1962. With Seamon Glass, Mary Morlas.

TIME MACHINE — 1960 — George Pal. With Rod Taylor, Alan Young.

WAR GAME — 1967 — Peter Watkins.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL — 1959 — Ronald MacDougall. With Harry Belafonte, Mel Ferrer.

WORLD WITHOUT END — 1956 — With Hugh Marlowe, Nancy Gates.



The New York of the future totters uncertainly in a 3000 A.D., a jealous fantasy perpetrated by tottering West Coast filmmakers.

hassles, overthrow the mindless mutants, and prepare to set foot into sunlight once again.

CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS is another oft-neglected gem. Shot mainly on a couple of interior sets, *Creation* was a low-budget independent film directed by Wesley E. Barry and released in 1962. Among its many distinctions, this flick was selected by no less a luminary than Andy Warhol as his all-time favorite movie. Despite Andy's endorsement, this film is really worth seeing. For one thing it demonstrates how a good script can keep a film afloat, despite its lack of action and money.

Also set in a future that's still singing the post-nuclear holocaust blues, **CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS** is a sly, subtle and deliberately static satire

Humanoids, contemptuously called "clickers" by their racist human overseers, are built to carry out the menial chores of this new Great Society, and are zealously watched by the fascist, Klan-like Order of Flesh & Blood.

is "in rapport" with a clicker named Pax who, being "programmed for humor," has an almost uncontrollable urge to crack up at the mere sight of poor frustrated Don, who is soon to discover that he too is a subhuman. "Irony is my favorite form of humor," Pax declares mechanically, keeping his iron face straight. Another good film along the same lines—although considerably broader in treatment—is *SINS OF THE FLESHAPOIDS*, a funny, sexy underground flick by those chroniclers of Bronx decadence, Mike and George Kuchar.

H.G. Wells' *THE TIME MACHINE* also presented a world in which the evolving human populace had forked into two distinct directions. Instead of men and machines, however, we have Morlocks (so distinguished because they had longer hair than anyone else) and the Eloi; and the exploitation this time was being carried on by the former. Although both groups sported fair hair, the rest of their physical characteristics varied greatly; the

V.W.KONG

Continued from page 11

David Allen, trial-blazing dynamic new KONG animator has recently been animating "Puffinfresh," too... taking that job from another famed monster animator, Jim Danforth, who's animated dragons and demons for George Pal's BROTHERS GRIMM, and CIRCUS OF DR. LAO... as well as for WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. Young animator David Allen also did work on Danforth's DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, particularly the Styrauros (a creature resembling a Triceratops) battle.

Celuloid conjurer Allen is currently working on a special fantasy-monster film called RAIDERS OF THE STONE RINGS, which, according to best information, is an Edgar Rice Burroughs-like adventure of a lost-prehistoric world which features (among other creepish creatures—some "Lizard Men." As more details about what seems to be a chimerapiece in the making roll in, we'll duly be reporting on them.

Another curiosity about the (supposed?) Volkswagen commercial is that Victoria Riskin played the role of the helpless girl clutched in the monster-guy's paw. Who is Victoria Riskin, you may ask? Why, none other than the daughter of that very same Fay Wray who played opposite the KONG OF KONGS way back in 1933. How's that for authenticity?

MONSTER TIMES READERS are encouraged to write letters to Volkswagen and demand the KONG commercial be put back on TV! ■

THE COMPLEAT WEREWOLF: A REVIEW

Continued from page 19

date from the forties, before writing style became such a gig thing in science fiction it's refreshing to read a story or two that doesn't stand up and wave and point at itself and say, "Look here, I'm kneat! I'm well-written!" Unfortunately, this has been the case with a great deal of what's been written in the field recently; per-haps S-F could be with a heavy dose of 1940's Boucher, or at least a revival for that kind of clean, concise and entertaining prose. (And more werewolves in the FBII-Editor.)

Basically, Anthony Boucher was a story-teller, and this comes across more than clearly in THE COMPLEAT WEREWOLF. If you're the sort of person who used to hang around the dying campfire in your boy scout days to listen to one of the older kids tell tales about things that go slump in the night, or even one of the older kids who told the stories, then Boucher's the man for you. He's an entertainer—and I feel using the present tense here, even though Boucher's now dead, is totally proper: he's the sort of man who lives on in his writing, it only because his writing's ageless, entertaining—and universally appealing. Buy the book. It's worth it.

—Gerry Conway

Editor's Note: Gerry Conway is one of the boy wonders of comic and an inspiration to a generation... doing things most American youth would consider an impossible task. At the age of 15 he began writing stories for DC comic (the Superman group), and was writing for Marvel by age 17. At age 18, he proudly saw his first sci-fi novel, MIDNIGHT DANCERS, published by ACE Books, and now at age 19, he writes many of Marvel's biggest-selling comics, like IRON MAN and THOR. But now and then, Gerry takes time out to write for his favorite monster newspaper (called the Only monster newspaper), THE MONSTER TIMES. Yay teen!

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There is a series involved here, and this is volume one. You can find few better descriptions of new comic books evolved from newspaper strips and pulp adventure magazines, and there are hundreds of photos and illustrations. Nifty reading, great art—postcard-sized full color cover by the author.

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GODZILLA

Continued from page 5

anything about them, so there is no one who could explain a phenomenon at the top of the world. Is it not possible another unexplainable phenomenon might exist at the bottom of the ocean? A research party should be organized to make a scientific survey of Odo Island." Dr. Yogami, said, curtly. It was a brief speech. All the years I had known him, Doctor Yogami never wasted one word. Yet when he coughed the newspapers printed it.

"Dr. Yogami."

"Steve Martin, it is good to see you!"

"You take this monster talk seriously?"

"Who can tell?"

"I understand you're heading the research crew to Odo Island."

"Yes, we leave this afternoon."

"With your permission, I'd like to come along. I've been cleared by the security office."

"Of course," says the elderly scientist, "Pier 'J', at two o'clock."

"See you then." He didn't answer . . . there was nothing more to say, and he did not waste words.

* * *

Pier "J" swarmed with well-wishers for Dr. Yogami and his party. But there still was a feeling of anxiety among us all. For every ship that had taken this course vanished from the face of the earth. Yes, there was a feeling of anxiety, but perhaps the two exceptions were Emyko and a young marine officer named Ogata. When I had last seen Emyko she had just been engaged to Dr. Sarazawa; it was the usual triangle, only this time it was to play an important part in the lives of millions of people.

Trilobite, Trilobite, fly away home!

When we finally arrived at the island the troupe noticed a large crater-like opening in the ground. Yogami's aide held up a geiger-counter. He yelled out, "This well is contaminated. Please stay back, this ground is dangerous." The natives looked and talked among themselves. "Mr. Ozihara," said Yomani, "These are footsteps of a living creature. They are also radio-active." Ozihara looks at the geiger-counter once again.

"This well is dangerous. Everybody, please stay back!"

Looking at the ground, Yogami picked up something. "Emyko, a trilobite, a 3-winged worm thought to be extinct". Ozihara holds up his geiger-counter.

"Don't hold it in your bare hands!" Emyko shouted to the absent-minded doctor.

The doctor placed it in a case.

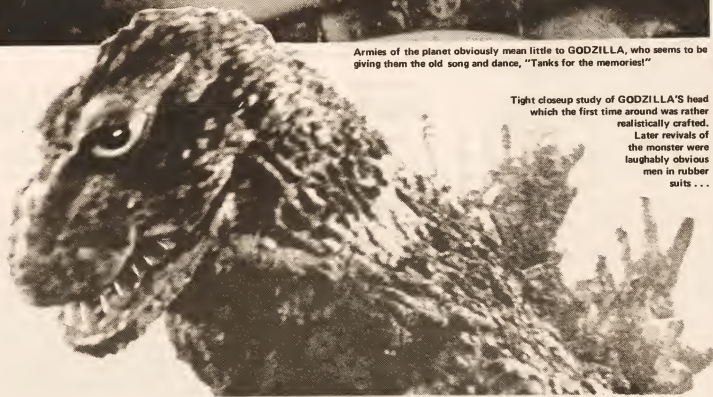
"What does that mean?" asked Ozihara.

The doctor nodded slightly, "It's a fabulous discover," he cryptically said.

"Godzilla, Godzilla!" a native yelled. I asked Tomo, "what's going



Armies of the planet obviously mean little to GODZILLA, who seems to be giving them the old song and dance, "Tanks for the memories!"



Tight closeup study of GODZILLA'S head which the first time around was rather realistically crafted.

Later revivals of the monster were laughably obvious men in rubber suits . . .

on?" All the natives were running up the side of a huge hill. I anxiously followed them. Then a loud thumping was heard. It got louder. Then over the top of the hill, a few armored plates were seen. The natives screamed. It was the terrible Godzilla! They all started running back. I was frozen with awe. Tomo attempted to pull me away. Slowly the monster lowered back into the sea. "Look at the size of those footprints!" was all I could first say . . .

Later, the scientific group returned to Tokyo where a security assembly was taking place.

"It can safely be assumed," said Yagami, "that two million years ago this brontosaurus (he holds up a picture) and other ancient reptiles roamed the earth. It was known as the Jurassic Age. During this period there was another species which may be called the intermediary animal: A cross between the land living and sea living animal. Let us call this creature Godzilla, according to the legend of Odo Island. And judging from this photograph this creature is over 400 feet tall." The room erupted into squalls of enthusiastic but disrespectful discussion.

"Of course," continued the Doctor, "the question we ask ourselves is: how could this animal reappear after all these years, and so close to the coast of Japan? One answer could be that some rare phenomenon of nature allowed this breed of the Jurassic Age to reproduce itself and for a long span of time had no reason to reappear to the world. But now that analysis of radioactivity of the creature's foot-prints show the existence of Strontium-90, a product of the H-bombs, it is my belief that Godzilla was resurrected due to the repeated experiments of H-bombs." At this juncture people ran from the room in horror.

I again set up in the press office. This time making a phone call to my friend and editor in Chicago, George Lawrence.

"Do you hear me okay, George?"

"Yes, you're coming in clear. Okay, let's have it Steve. What about this monster story of yours?"

"Well, it's big and it's terrible. More frightening than I ever thought possible."

"You realize your story is frontpage all over the country. We want to know what is being done about this monster?"

"Here is your headline: SECURITY DECIDES TO USE DEPTH BOMBS ON GODZILLA."

"Oh, that's fine, but how are they going to use depth bombs on something they can't even see?"

"Same way they look for submarines: Sonar. Oh, they'll find him all right. The big question is, will they kill him?"

"Well, stay on it Steve, and keep us posted."

"I will. So long, George." That ended that — at \$3.00 per minute!

Then I proceeded to phone another old (and nearly forgotten friend), Dr. Sarazawa. I heard a response, and answered in Japanese.

"Steve!" said the Good Doctor

amusedly surprised. "You are a better newspaper man than a linguist. It is good to hear from you!" The doc can be painfully courteous at times, but always well-meaning.

"I got the message that you called. Did you finish with your experiments?"

"Yes . . . I finished." "Good," says Martin, "Let's have dinner tonight."

"Steve, make it tomorrow. Emyko was coming over this evening and she said it was important."

"Alright, I'll check with you tomorrow."

"That will be fine, Steve." And

"Come with me," says Sarazawa.

They walk down a narrow hall to the lab. Once in the laboratory, the doctor removed a small pellet from a case. Emyko is enchanted by some beautiful fish in tank. Then the doctor drops the pellet into the tank. He then turns on a machine. "Get back!" yells the doctor to Emyko. Bubbles arise furiously from the capsule. Emyko screams! She then runs from the lab in tears.

"The world must not know of this. Promise to keep my secret!"

"I won't even tell my father," says Emyko.

* * *



The first GODZILLA was filmed "at night," to give the miniature cities a moody air of realism. Here, hot halitosis has hit the mark, as Mr. "G" burns his bridges behind him.

he hung up. It would be an uneasy evening, that next evening particularly considering what I knew of my old friend, Dr. Sarazawa's fiancée, Emyko, and her boyfriend from the Navy, young Ogata.

The marriage between Emyko and Doctor Sarazawa had been arranged according to customs, when they were both children; and while Emyko wasn't in love with the great scientist, she had great respect and admiration for him. It proved difficult for her to tell him she was going to marry Ogata. I could picture that scene . . .

"It is good to have you home, Dr. Sarazawa," says Emyko.

"It is good to be back, Emyko," says Dr. Sarazawa.

"I'm glad we have this time together. There is something important I must tell you."

"But there is something far more important I must tell you."

Emyko looks up at him curiously.

By the end of the day, it was generally assumed that the underwater demolitions had ended the short but terrible reign of Godzilla. It was a falling of relief throughout Tokyo, even celebration, but both the hope and the celebration were short lived.

Some people aboard a boat had spotted the monster rising from the sea. Within moments the city was aware that Godzilla was inside Tokyo harbor. Among the people there was a state of panic. The military used every man and machine available in an effort to stem the on-coming terror. In the midst of the confusion Emyko spoke to Ogata as I stood by in the doorway of the security room. I had just been phoning in a report to the news office in Chicago, and as I hung up the phone, I couldn't help over-hearing.

"I couldn't tell Dr. Sarazawa about us," said Emyko.

"I understand, Emyko," said Ogata. But this brief moment of

human frailty was to be made insignificant by Godzilla on the loose.

* * *

As the monster rose from the sea, machine guns opened fire—to no avail! The monster trampled buildings, trains, bridges. After destroying everything in his path, the monster retreated to the sea.

"The damage was severe but restricted to the harbor area of the city. Godzilla was still in Tokyo bay, and there was every reason to believe he would return, unless some means were found to stop him." I was busily typing this release in the press office, when officer Tomo rushed in.

"Hey Steve!"

"Hi Tomo."

"What did you run out of the meeting for?"

"Got to get this story out to the paper. Anything happen after I left?"

"Yes. They're making one last big effort to stop him."

"What's that?"

"Come here; I'll show you." Tomo guided me to the window. "Tokyo is surrounded by high tension electrical towers. To get to the heart of the city, Godzilla would have to break through 300,000 volts of electricity. The officials are trying to have everything ready by nightfall. Now I must report back to my station."

"All right, and thanks, Tomo."

"So long, Steve."

"Sayonara!"

Tokyo readies for attack of Godzilla

The security officials ordered a general evacuation of all non-essential personnel. It was a monumental job, but a job that had to be done. By nightfall everyone was off the street. The news office commanded a good view of Tokyo and received all reports directly from security headquarters. I set up a tape recording machine. "This tape recording is for George Lawrence, United World News, Chicago, U.S.A. . . ." I began, walking to the crowded window. "Everyone remaining in the city was on a watch and wait basis. The wait . . . was not a long one. Godzilla came up from Tokyo bay and walked toward the shore. George, here in Tokyo, time has been turned back two million years. A prehistoric monster, The Japanese call Godzilla, has just walked out of Tokyo Bay. He's as tall as a thirty story building. Now he's making his way to the city's main line of defense; 300,000 volts of electricity strung around the city as a barrier—a barrier against Godzilla." The monster neared the wires. The signal was given and the switch was turned on. Massive explosion followed explosion. The monster roared and then from the mouth of Godzilla came a radioactive smoke-stream. The creature emitted the fire onto the electric towers, causing them to turn white hot and melt. "I can hardly believe what has just happened. Now it seems Tokyo

has no defense." Godzilla destroyed everything: Tokyo Tower, buildings, all consumed in radioactive flame and smoke. "They're moving an entire tank corps to point-blank firing range! I'm saying a prayer, George, a prayer for the whole world." The monster opened its huge jaws and emitted the radioactive heat, melting the tanks in seconds. The monster was getting closer to the press office, "Nothing can save the city now!" The reporters in the room began to flee. "This is it, George. Steve Martin signing off from Tokyo, Japan." The building then collapsed, burying me under huge timbers and wreckage. Flames then attacked the monster, but undaunted, the beast returned to the sea.

A woman screamed, babies were crying. On the floor in the emergency hospital I came to consciousness. Emyko and Ogata entered and spoke with me.

"Hi... Emyko." I moaned through my head swath of bandages.

"You've been sleeping very nervously," she said.

"Ogata... anything new develop?"

Ogata was about to speak when Emyko cut him off; "Nothing new will develop, unless..."

"Unless what?" asks Ogata.

"I was shown the terrible secret which is probably the only weapon that could destroy Godzilla."

"What is it?"

"I promised Dr. Sarazowa never to reveal his secret to anyone."

"Emyko! Emyko! Last night Tokyo was destroyed. Tomorrow it might be Osaka or Yokohama. If you can help, you must!"

"When I went to see Dr. Sarazowa, I had intended to tell him of Ogata and me, but there was something he wanted to show me first. The Doctor removed a small pellet from a case. Emyko was enhanced by the fish in a tank. The doctor dropped the pellet in the tank and yelled at Emyko to stand back. The pellet began to bubble furiously. In a second all that was left in the tank were skeletons of the fish and in another second the entire structure was disintegrated." Emyko screamed at the horridness of the thought.

"Dr. Sarazowa has been experimenting with oxygen when he came upon a terrible chemical discovery: A way to destroy all oxygen in water, thereby disintegrating all living matter. An amount no larger than a baseball could turn Tokyo Bay into a graveyard. Sarazowa's found a terrible destructive power and until he can find a counteractive developed from his experiments, he doesn't want the world to know his secret. He made me promise never to tell what I had seen."

"Emyko, we need Dr. Sarazowa's help! There is no other way," said Ogata.

"If I could only see him." I added, "Just to talk to him."

"Perhaps I can change his mind," suggested Emyko; "Ogata will go with me."

GHIDRAH
the 3-headed monster
from outer space has been GODZILLA's
most persistent foe. The old King Lizard has
fought the three-faced lot enough (and beat
him enough) to make old GHIDRAH
see double, or (heh-heh)
triple. We'll be covering
some of the
GODZILLA/GHIDRAH
bouts soon enough,
to make you
a bit giddy.



"Whatever you do, Emyko, you musn't fail." Then the two left me to heal among the charred, the crushed, and the dying. I was later filled in on what happened.

Shortly they arrived at the home of Sarazowa and were greeted by the doctor.

"Doctor, I know of your oxygen destroyer. We must have it!"

The doctor growled; "I don't know what you are talking about." He then glanced at Emyko. After a lengthy pause she looked up at the angry man.

"I broke my promise, Dr. Sarazowa, I told Steve Martin and Ogata. They both agree. We must use the oxygen destroyer against Godzilla." She burst into tears, I am told.

"No!" yelled Sarazowa. He then ran into the laboratory and locked the door. Ogata ran after him and broke the door open. A fight ensued. The doctor hit Ogata over the head and Emyko assisted her fiancé to a seat and wiped his bleeding forehead. Sarazowa apologized and said, "The oxygen destroyer cannot be used!"

"If we don't defend ourselves from Godzilla now, what will become of us?" said Ogata.

"And what will be come of us if a weapon such as the one I now have fell into the wrong hands?"

"Then you have a responsibility no man has ever faced," says Ogata. "You have your fears, which might become reality, and you have Godzilla, which is reality."

Caught between two tides the doctor grabbed his head in mental torment and cried. Then an announcement is made on the television. "At this moment, a nationwide prayer was being observed to the survivors of devastated Tokyo: 'The voice of our children is raised in prayer for the courage against the amount of destruction of today.' Then the devastated city was shown, burning rubble. Then the survivors in a hospital were shown, as a choir of young children sang prayers. Obviously touched by this service, the doctor shut the program off."

"Well, have you decided?" demanded Ogata and Emyko.

"Yes, but this must be the only time the oxygen destroyer will be used." He paced over to a cabinet, removed the plans of his great discovery and dropped it into a small fireplace.

The boat, finding the location of Godzilla, the oxygen destroyer; all these had been accomplished. Sarazowa assisted Ogata in placing the weapon deep under water. An announcer aboard ship eagerly says: "We ask the world to please stand by."

Once under the water, Ogata placed the oxygen destroyer on a rock. In the not too far off distance Godzilla could be seen.

Ogata began going up. As he ascended he yelled for Sarazowa who was still on the bottom observing the effects his invention had on the monster. Ogata reached

the surface and is taken from the water. Suddenly the oxygen destroyer begins to bubble. In a few minutes the entire sea becomes a turbulent whirlpool. On the surface, Ogata yelled down through a phone for Sarazowa to come up. The water rose up to the boat's hull. Then the doctor answered.

"Ogata, it is working! Live happily with Emyko." Then the doctor removed a knife from his belt. Ogata yelled, "Pull the line up!" And when at last the line was pulled up they discovered that Doctor Sarazowa had taken his knife and cut the air hose and lines to the surface. Suddenly Godzilla rises to the surface. I watched as the monster gave a final roar before sinking to the bottom. In a moment Godzilla's body was turned to a skeleton—and then nothing...

Emyko and Ogata as well as Dr. Yogami and I stood on the deck, mourning Dr. Sarazowa. "He said, be happy together," muttered Ogata to Emyko. I knew the old Doctor meant it.

"People of the world, Godzilla is dead! Give us strength to rebuild our beloved land." The Japanese news media played this message hourly, for weeks, as the injured fought to keep alive. My wounds healed quickly, and I returned here to America.

The menace was gone, so was a great man. But so the whole world could wake up and live again. ■

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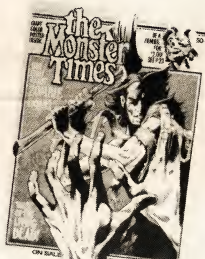
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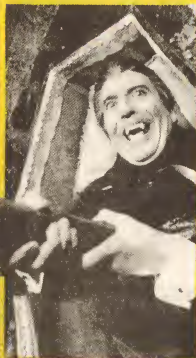
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